

LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 2046.  
Copyright, 1894. Published Weekly by ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue. All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.

MISS REHAN AS "VIOLA."



MISS ADA REHAN.

THE POPULAR AND MOST TALENTED ACTRESS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. BASSANO.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



## CONAN DOYLE'S LATEST AND BEST STORY.

The first installment of DR. A. CONAN DOYLE'S latest story, entitled

### "THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS,"

will appear in LESLIE'S WEEKLY for December 13th (our Christmas edition).

Subscription price to the WEEKLY, \$4 00 a year. One dollar for three months, including the twenty-five-cent Christmas number and the nine numbers containing the stories of Mr. Gilbert Parker, the publication of which has just been concluded. Address

ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,  
110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

### TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4 00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2 00
One copy, for 13 weeks	1 00

### Notice to Subscribers.

The number following your name on the address-label indicates the number of paper with which your subscription expires. It will be well for our subscribers to renew about two weeks before expiration, in order to insure a continuous service of the paper.

### Our Correspondent in the East.

THE letter, which appears elsewhere, of our special correspondent in the East, Mr. A. B. de Guerville, in which he describes the Japanese hospital system and the preparations making for the embarkation of the second Japanese army, will be found peculiarly interesting. Mr. de Guerville has, from the first, enjoyed special opportunities for obtaining trustworthy information. His high standing with the Japanese authorities is illustrated by the fact that the surgeon-general of the first army, in his report to the Emperor, mentions his presence as the only foreigner at Ping Yang, and speaks in highly commendatory terms of the interest he took while visiting the Chinese and Japanese hospitals after the battles at that point. Mr. de Guerville is the only foreign correspondent who accompanies the second Japanese army to China, and which, as he writes us, is to march directly upon Peking. Should he succeed in reaching the Chinese capital, he proposes, subsequently, to cross Siberia as our special representative.

### Hands Off!



HERE are indications that Republican politicians of a certain sort mean to antagonize the efforts of the Committee of Seventy to secure legislation, at the coming legislative session, looking to the establishment of a non-partisan municipal administration in New York. This was perhaps to be expected. The average partisan has no conception of the higher obligations of citizenship, and is very apt to regard the State as a mere machine organized for his personal benefit. The people have no rights which he is bound to respect; power conferred by them is to be used in every case for partisan ends—this is the view which obtains everywhere among so-called "practical politicians." It is this view which for twenty years past has more than anything else contributed to Republican demoralization and defeat in this metropolis, and it is as certain as anything can be that if it shall be persisted in it will again overwhelm the party with shame and disaster.

The recent victory for civic righteousness was not achieved by any party as such. It was the people's victory—the triumph of the general electorate acting in obedience to conscience and patriotic impulses which rose superior to all petty considerations of partisanship. It emphasized and expressed the popular determination to put an end to the domination of the evil forces in our municipal life. It voiced a demand for new men, new methods, new principles in the public administration—for the best men, without regard to party, and the best methods, without any reference at all to their effect upon either one party or the other.

It is the supremest folly for the bosses of either party to imagine for one minute that they can baffle the popular purpose thus unmistakably expressed. It will be suicidal for any Republican, high or low, to engage in any intrigue, bargain, or movement whatever looking to the obstruction of the work of reform, or its prostitution for

personal or partisan ends. The Committee of Seventy represents, in this crucial struggle, the whole people; its one aim is to secure for this community, so long outraged and oppressed, honest, cleanly, efficient government; and it will command, in all it seeks to do in that direction, the sympathy and support of our best citizenship. The persons who are meditating an assault upon the committee and opposition to its scheme of legislation when the Legislature meets will do well to think twice before committing themselves to a course of action which would inevitably expose them to opprobrium and defeat.

### Paying the Pensioners.



OME of the administrative methods of the national government are so stupid that one wonders in the first place how in the world they ever happened to be devised, and then wonders again why they should be continued. The easiest answer is that the methods must have been created by inefficient officers, and that they are continued because later officers lack the energy and originality to replace them with better regulations. And very likely this easy answer is the right one.

It may be that with the extension of the protection of the civil-service law, so that public officers may have time to think of their duties instead of spending all their moments in anxious worry over keeping their places, some of the obviously foolish regulations as to the transaction of the public business will be done away with and saner methods adopted. At least we hope that such will be the outcome of these changes in the civil service in which good men now have some security of tenure. If such be the case the very first place where a reform should be adopted is in the method of paying the pensioners who fought in the war. The present method is disgracefully inadequate.

Pensioners are paid quarterly, in February, May, August, and November. In the large cities of the North, where there are many pensioners, pitiful sights are witnessed four times a year when these battle-scarred veterans gather to get the money that a grateful people pays them so willingly. They begin gathering twelve and fifteen hours before the pension offices are open, and stand in line all night long, waiting each his turn to receive what by law is already his. Sometimes these long waits are in the snow and rain, sometimes in the oppressive summer sun. Why there should be any waiting at all passes comprehension. These pensioners have done the work for which they are now being paid in part; they did their work on the battlefields and in the camps of thirty years ago. Now, why, in their old age, should they be compelled to suffer most exceeding hardship merely to get what is their own? Nothing more formidable than official stupidity stands in the way of each one of these veterans receiving a cheque for the full amount due him the first day of each quarter. These cheques could easily be sent by mail—by registered mail. Millions of dollars are so transferred with safety every day in the course of ordinary business. To compel these pensioners to stand in the street hour after hour, as we saw a great crowd of them stand on Sixth Avenue, in this city, on one of the most inclement days of this month, is a cruel injustice which should touch the hearts of the administrative officers, even though it made little impression upon their heads.

### The Strike Commission Report.



HE report of the commission appointed to inquire into the Chicago railroad strike is widely criticised as lacking the judicial quality which ought to characterize an official document. However fair and honest may have been the intentions of the commissioners, the fact remains that their statement of the incidents of the strike is partial and defective, and that their conclusions as to the relative responsibility of the employers and the strikers are obviously prejudiced by a partisan misconception of the facts in the case. Comprehensively stated, the report is a palliation of a monstrous crime against the public; it puts the blame of all the loss of life, property, and wages upon the victims of the strike—namely, the Pullman Car Company and the railway corporations. The strike would never have occurred if it had not been for the "menace" embodied in the formation of the American Railway Association, reductions of wages, the blacklisting of unfaithful employes, etc., and it could have been arrested promptly if the corporations had consented to enter into negotiations with the men who were destroying their property, mobbing their faithful employes, and paralyzing the commerce of the country. There were undoubted acts of violence by individual strikers, but they "justified themselves under the idea of balancing wrongs," and the commission does not, apparently, feel called upon to refute that contention.

It goes without saying that the recommendations of a

commission which so radically errs in its diagnosis of the case submitted to it will have little weight with Congress or the general public. This is to be regretted, because the conclusions arrived at as to some points raised by the strike are well founded and worthy of consideration. The statements as to the desirableness of subjecting enormous capitalistic combinations to legislative control, and preventing usurpations of power and authority not contemplated in corporate charters, are undoubtedly true and none too strongly stated. The growth of monopolies, and their arrogant use of the resources at their command, is unquestionably one of the formidable evils of the time. Their influence, especially in the relations they sustain to public polity, is every day becoming more hurtful and dangerous. The extent to which they control legislation in their own interest, and to the public detriment, is strikingly illustrated in the action of Congress under the dictation of the Sugar trust. In industrial production, in the carrying trade, and in other important activities, they make competition impossible. Not infrequently they defy law and put contempt upon the decrees of courts. The result of this tendency of tyrannous monopolistic greed is that the people everywhere are growing restless and discontented, and a feeling of positive hostility to capital is growing up which forms a basis for a socialistic propagandism directly prejudicial to the social order. California furnished a striking example of this popular unrest in the recent election. While the Legislature has a decided Republican majority and the Congressional delegation is solidly Republican, the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected for the distinct reason that he represented the opposition to the railway monopolies which have made themselves odious on the Pacific coast by their insolent and persistent aggressions. The commission is entirely within the truth when it declares that while corporations have undoubtedly contributed immensely to the development of the country, it is absolutely essential that they should be restrained from using powers not expressly granted, and that "the concentration of power and wealth in persons, corporations, and monopolies" should be, as far as possible, restrained by legislation.

The suggestions of the commission in reference to the initiation of a permanent system of investigation into the relations between the railroads and their employes, in order that we may deal with them intelligently and on a conservative basis, are equally important and timely. But the remedy for existing ills immediately proposed by the commission is of doubtful practicability. It is, in brief, the creation of a permanent strike commission of three members, somewhat resembling the interstate commerce commission, with authority to investigate strikes affecting commerce, and power to enforce its decisions when approved by the Federal courts. The defect of this plan is that it substantially ignores the rights of both capital and labor—the right of the employer to employ or not as he chooses, and of the workman to sell his labor or remain idle as he may prefer. We fail to see how any employe can be coerced by any decree of any court or commission to work if he does not want to, or how an employer can be compelled to give employment to labor if, from economic or other reasons, he chooses not to do so. The skill of the workman is as much an asset as the capital of the employer, and each is absolutely sovereign as to the use he shall make of his possession.

The one benefit which will result from this report will be that, while not a particularly valuable contribution to the literature of the general subject of which it treats, it will call attention afresh to the problem which is every day becoming more acute—the adjustment upon safe and right foundations of the relations of capital and labor. That something must be done to put an end to existing conflicts and antagonisms is clear to every observer. And the solution, whatever it may be, must be supplied, in the last analysis, by an enlightened public opinion. All discussion which tends to remove misconceptions and to bring right conclusions as to all the rights and interests involved is helpful, and is therefore to be welcomed.

### Women's Work in This Year's Politics.



THE year 1894 will be notable in the history of popular suffrage as ushering the women of the country into real political activity. The first impulse was the strong and effective contest made by the women of New York to induce the Constitutional Convention to drop the word "male," and so make equal suffrage possible. For the first time, woman's rights meant a great deal more than strong-minded females and erratic costumes. Many of the leaders of society took prominent parts in the discussion, and the showing made by them before the convention at Albany was remarkable in its strength and completeness. The movement failed, but undoubtedly the experience contributed largely to the active co-operation of our women in the subsequent struggle for better government in New York City. An independent in politics, who had been a rigid regular, was once asked how it was that so bitter a



partisan could bring himself to vote an independent ticket. He replied: "It is very much like a cold-water bath—the first plunge takes your breath, but after that you like it immensely." It is evidently that way with the women and politics. They are very much frightened when they take the first step, but after they once get into the excitement of a contest they enjoy it most thoroughly. The women of New York may safely be depended upon to make their influence felt whenever there is a question of morality against corruption, of honest citizenship against the intrigues of an organization like Tammany.

There was only one woman who went to the polls in New York on election day, and, curiously, it was at one of the roughest places that she exercised her authority as a duly appointed watcher. There had been fights there before, and only last year a gallant officer had been twice thrown out the window, but this year peace and good order reigned as sweetly as if the place were a Sunday-school room instead of the polls in a Tammany district. The lady testified that she was treated with uniform courtesy and respect. Good work was done by the Woman's Republican Organization. Free coffee and soup-kitchens were established in different parts of the city, and refreshments were served to all who came. Another association of pretty girls carried pails of hot coffee to voters standing in the line, one of whom said: "Thank you, miss; I'll take a cup from so fair a hand, and I'll vote your ticket."

It is well remembered how the women of Kentucky compassed the defeat of Breckinridge. They did it, of course, by moral suasion, for there has been no demand made as yet for equal suffrage in any of the Southern States. In the West, however, the ambition of the women to vote is pronounced, and is strengthening all the time. The Supreme Court of Indiana has recently decided that women may practice law in the State. Indiana's law on qualification for suffrage says a male may vote, but does not say a female shall not vote. It is practically the same question as that decided by the supreme court in the case of woman's admission to the Bar. Consequently on election day many women went to the polls and tried to cast their ballots. In one town twenty of them endeavored to do this, and in another one a dozen asked the court to compel the clerk to supply them with ballots and stamps. The test case will be that of Mrs. Helen G. Gougar, for eighteen years president of the Indiana Suffrage Association, who has been studying up the constitutional law on the subject. Accompanied by her husband and a friend, as witnesses, she appeared at the polls in her precinct in Lafayette and demanded the right to vote. Every courtesy was extended to her. She was permitted to enter the booth, and she asked for State, county, and township ballots. Each was refused on the ground of her sex. She then demanded the privilege to make an affidavit of her citizenship, and that was also denied on the same ground. The case will come before the lower court in December, and will be carried as speedily as possible to the supreme court.

Over in the adjoining State of Illinois the women had better fortune. After a hard-fought legal battle they secured the privilege of voting for State university trustees, and each party had a woman candidate on its ticket. They made able speeches through the campaign, and a large degree of interest was aroused. Many of the Chicago papers published, on the morning of election, heavily-leaded instructions to women voters as to how to cast their ballots. The women polled a very good vote, and among those who exercised the franchise were the deaconesses of one of the church homes. None of the female voters had much difficulty with the ballot, and in no case was the slightest discourtesy shown. Indeed, all the reports agree in saying that their presence at the polls had a distinctly salutary effect. Mrs. Flower, the Republican candidate, won the contest, and the interviews with her upon her success differ very little from those of other fortunate candidates.

The further West we go the more intense becomes the earnestness of the equal-suffrage question. Kansas is the State of the unusual, and we always look expectantly at its affairs. This year its campaign was one of the hottest that has ever been known. The constitutional amendment giving the women of Kansas the right to vote in all elections was up for adoption, and the heroic work which the equal suffragists did would need a folio volume if it were faithfully recorded. Orange was the color of the cause, and all over the State, at every polling-place, it was conspicuous. Those who wore it were ceaseless in their labors. They electioneered with an earnestness that surprised even Kansas. They buttonholed the men and appealed to them to vote for the amendment. "Two women workers who were stationed in the gambling-house district," says an account in one of the local papers, "when the voting was light went into the gambling-houses and pool-rooms and harangued a large crowd of sports." This incident, however, was the only one of the kind recorded. The women were everywhere treated with respect, although their enthusiasm not infrequently carried them beyond the one-hundred-foot line which is established around all voting-places in Kansas. Those who had turn outs used them constantly throughout the day. But in spite of all these things the amendment was defeated.

Undoubtedly the greatest work of the day was done in Colorado, where the women have the right to vote. They registered unexpectedly well, and the estimate is that three-sevenths of the legal voters of the State were women. The

work they did at the polls and throughout the cities and State was prodigious. They had regular committees, including the most prominent society ladies, gathering the voters. Many of the finest houses of Denver and other cities were opened for the good of the cause. There was plenty to eat and plenty of coffee to drink, and altogether it was the most intensely exciting day that Colorado had ever known. The result of it has been told by the telegraph, and Governor Waite, who was defeated for re-election, says with considerable bitterness that the women did it. The women accept the compliment, and add that Colorado's experience is a vindication of equal suffrage. Not only did they do active campaign work, but they had candidates on every ticket, and in many precincts women were judges and clerks. All through the canvass the campaign speakers had large audiences of women, and altogether they took as much part and as much interest in the leading questions, and had as much partisan bitterness, as the men. In spite of this, however, the same reports come from Colorado as came from other places, testifying to the quieting influence of the women upon the ward "toughs" and election-day fighters.

It is said to have been surprising how readily the women understood the practical details of voting. There were some exceptions to the rule, and a very good illustration comes from California. The first election ever held in San Bernardino County at which women only cast a ballot for candidates for county and State officers polled about twenty thousand votes. It was a mock election for experience only. In two cases forty minutes were required to prepare the ballot, and the best time made by any female voter was twelve and one-half minutes. It is added as a climax to these statements that several disturbances occurred because some ladies demanded the right to delve in the ballot-boxes and fish out tickets in order that they might make desired corrections. Perhaps this is another manifestation of the feminine tendency to postscripts, but they will soon get over it after they become better acquainted with the mechanical processes of the ballot-box. One innovation the California ladies adopted was the decoration of the polling-places with flowers. If this should obtain, the twentieth century might bring on the millennium, and it is sincerely hoped that the ladies will not try to do too much all at once.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

An incident of the late election in Ohio was the defeat of the Republican sheriff who recently prevented the hanging of a negro culprit by an infuriated mob. He had a thousand votes in his favor to start with, but this advantage seems to have counted for nothing as against the violent temper of the constituency to which he appealed. That such a result, which reveals a dominant sympathy with lawlessness, should be possible in a State like Ohio, is altogether amazing. We shall probably hear next that the military officer who so bravely did his duty in resisting the mob, even to the extent of firing upon them when it became necessary to do so in vindication of the law, has been compelled to resign or subjected to some other indignity still more offensive.

WE referred, editorially, some time ago, to the contest in Montana for the location of the capital. The rivals for the honor were Helena and the mining town of Anaconda, which is owned and ruled by Mr. Marcus Daly, "the copper king." Mr. Daly, who saw the advantage of having his out-of-the-way town made the capital city of the State, expended an immense sum to accomplish his object, subsidizing newspapers, buying voters, and resorting to every artifice and intrigue which money could promote, but in spite of his well-organized and audacious campaign the people voted him down, and Helena will be the capital. The result is gratifying not only because it places the capital where it ought to be, but because it shows that the integrity and manhood of the young and promising State are beyond the reach of scheming corruptionists who seek to subordinate the public interests to their own private advantage.

THERE are, apparently, some people down in Georgia who are still in a state of fright over the "Force bill." One of them, writing to the *Atlanta Constitution*, expresses a fear that it may be revived; and that paper is at the pains to assure the trembling soul that there is no possibility of such a dire result. It says, truly, that conditions have changed; that the South has outgrown the necessity of legislation of this sort; that public sentiment is solidifying in favor of fair elections; and that henceforth Republican policy, instead of reviving old animosities, will aim at the conquest of the Southern States along economic and industrial lines. The *Constitution*, we are glad to see in this connection, is making a vigorous and courageous fight for the enactment of laws which will provide adequate safeguards for the ballot-box everywhere throughout the South. It denounces with great vehemence alleged frauds in some parts of Georgia at the recent election, declaring that they were a reproach to the State. "Georgia," it says, "is going to have honest elections hereafter, and the bob-tailed politicians may mouth as much as they please

and they cannot stem the tide which has set in in favor of a pure ballot. The Legislature now in session will pass a law which will be a credit to the State, and it will be adopted by the Democratic voters of both branches of the General Assembly. And it will be a glorious day for Georgia when such an act becomes a law!"

THE first installment of Alabama negroes who have been induced to emigrate to Liberia sailed from this port some ten days since. The contingent numbered only twenty in all, but it is said that ten thousand others will follow within a year, each of whom will receive a stocked farm from the Liberian government and be supplied with implements to work it. We have already said that we regard this emigration as ill-advised, and we see nothing in the later developments of the scheme to induce a change of opinion. The few emigrants who have already gone are fairly intelligent representatives of their race, and may be able to make their way under the new conditions upon which they are to enter, but it is altogether improbable that this result will follow upon any extended scale. Every Southern black who is well enough equipped, mentally and physically, to succeed in Liberia can find here on our own soil, fields of activity where, if he sought it, success could be easily achieved. The results of African colonization in the past do not justify any great degree of confidence in the success of this latest experiment.

THE result of the recent elections will lodge in Republican hands the control of legislation in several States which were carried by the Democrats four years ago and by them gerrymandered so as to secure an undue proportion of Congressmen and members of the State Legislatures. In eight States, of which six are uniformly Republican, they managed by their unrighteous reapportionment to obtain fifty-three Representatives in Congress, whereas under any fair territorial arrangement they could not have received more than half that number. As the case now stands, the Republicans, having recovered these States and won also the Legislatures of Indiana and West Virginia, will have control of the Legislatures in twenty-two States in all, while the Democrats will retain their supremacy in thirteen. It is now suggested that Republicans should use the power thus restored to make new apportionments in all the States where the Democracy perpetrated their infamous gerrymanders, and this course will no doubt be taken. But our friends should be careful not to imitate, in their legislation, the Democratic example. Wherever apportionments are obviously unjust they should be corrected so that majorities may not be stifled by unequal distributions of the voting power; but nothing should be done from purely partisan motives. The party could not make a greater mistake than to attempt to perpetuate itself in authority by a resort to the gerrymandering process, either as to Congressional or Legislative districts. Power acquired by dishonest and unjust methods always becomes in the end a source of weakness and decay. Let there be, everywhere, fair play and a conscientious regard to justice and popular rights in our discharge of the responsible trust committed to our hands by the electorate.

THE report of the Chicago strike commission, upon which we have commented elsewhere, coincides very distinctly as to one matter with the conclusions arrived at by our special correspondent in Chicago at the time of the strike. Wages of the Pullman employes are found to have been, as he represented them to be, unreasonably reduced, while rents, exactly as he reported, were maintained twenty to twenty-five per cent. too high. Occupation of the Pullman tenements was practically a requisite of employment, and the Pullman paymaster was also the Pullman rent collector. One of the defects of the system which is quoted as having intensified the differences between employer and employe was the refusal of the company to permit its workmen to buy land in Pullman on which to build their own homes. This is the point which was especially brought out in the interview between our correspondent and General Manager Brown. Wages and rents were properly regarded by the employes as but two forms of the same question, while the company stubbornly maintained from first to last that they were entirely separate, fighting their battle on the one issue of wages, thus really putting the employes in the false position of demanding what the commission itself says was unjustifiable (although it exposes the sharp practice of the company in resting its whole contention upon costs, etc., in its most seriously crippled department), instead of what they really asked—the opportunity to live. The report makes mention of the violation on the part of the company of the promise not to discharge members of the grievance committee, and says that the incident was inopportune and unfortunate, to say the least, and ought to have been more carefully guarded against by the company. The Pullman Company was entirely within its rights when it declined to submit to outside dictation as to the management of its business, and the strike of the railway operatives who had no relations whatever with that company was a crime wholly impossible of justification, but it is also true that the policy of the Pullman Company, in the particulars named, has nothing at all to commend it to persons of just minds and humane feeling.





DR. PARKHURST IN HIS PULPIT.

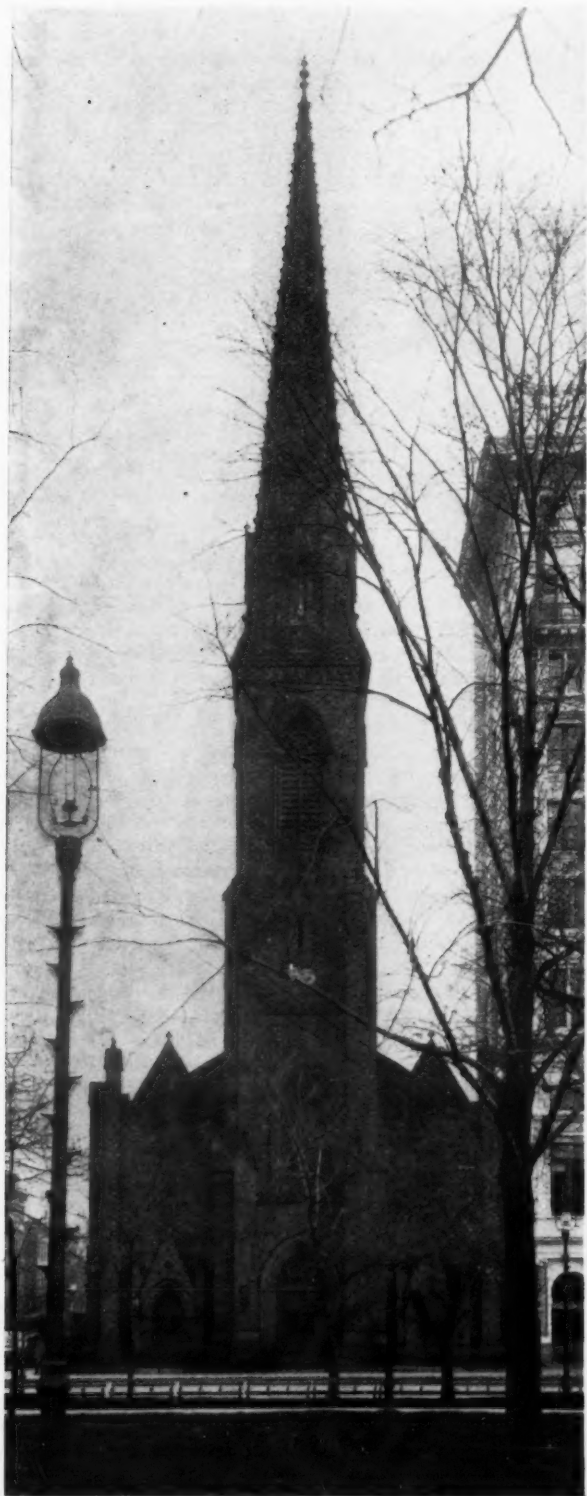


MRS. PARKHURST'S HOME AT NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE THE DOCTOR SPENDS HIS SUMMER VACATIONS.

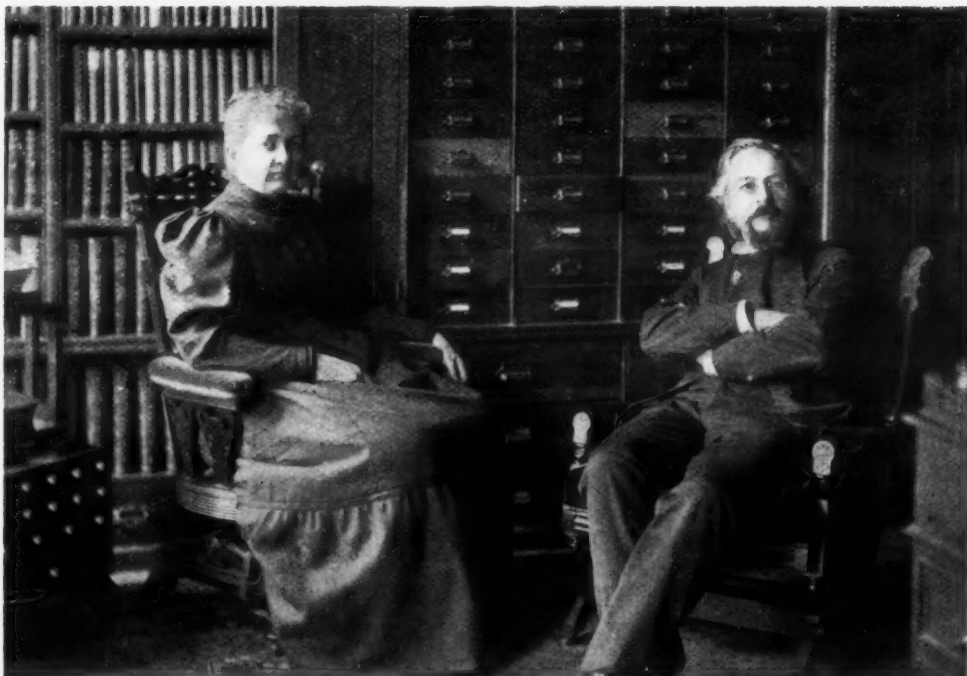


C.C. LANGILL PHOTO, 10 E. 14 ST., N.Y.

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.



MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



DR. AND MRS. PARKHURST.





*And here he lived, his great heart growing greater in this wide, sinewy world."*

## TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

A SERIES OF NINE SHORT STORIES BY GILBERT PARKER.\*

### IX.—AT POINT O' BUGLES.



**JOHN YORK, John York, where art thou gone, John York?**

"What's that, Pierre?" said Sir Duke Lawless, starting to his feet and peering round.

"Hush!" was Pierre's reply. "Wait for the rest. . . . There!"

"King of my heart, king of my heart, I am out on the trail of thy bugles."

There was another pause. Sir Duke was about to speak, but Pierre lifted a hand in warning, and then through the still night there came the long cry of a

bugle, rising, falling, strangely clear, echoing and echoing again, and dying away. A moment, and the call was repeated, with the same effect, and again a third time; then all was still, save for the flight of birds roused from the desire of night, and the long breath of some animal in the woods sinking back to sleep.

Pierre piled some logs on the fire and turned so that his back caught the heat and his face the reflected light. Sir Duke fitted his shoulders into the hollow of a log and, with his look given to the distance, waited till Pierre should tell his story.

Their camp was pitched on the south shore of Hudson's Bay, many leagues to the west of Rupert House, not far from the Moose River. Looking north was the wide expanse of the bay, dotted with sterile islands here and there; to the east were the barren steppes of Labrador, and all round them the calm, incisive air of a late September, when winter begins to shake out his frosty curtains and hang them on the cornice of the north, despite the high protests of the sun. They two had come together after years of separation, and Sir Duke had urged Pierre to fare away with him to Hudson's Bay, which he had never seen, although he had shares in the great company, left him by his uncle, Admiral Sir Clavel Lawless. They had journeyed easily north and east, had spent weeks at Rupert House, and were now on the way to Fort Albany, where Lawless was to leave Pierre and go to England in the Hudson's Bay ship, which came and went yearly, bringing news out of the world to the North, and carrying out of the North many of its products and some of the great secrets of life. Pierre, who had never seen

the vaster world over "the sloppy drink," as he called the Atlantic, still had that knowledge of life's real values which made him measure things as only he can who has no prejudices, has never tied himself to any cause, has known as much evil as good, has lived mostly alone, read little and thought a deal, and found, when all was done, that the things to be said about life might be counted on the fingers once round.

They were camped in a hollow, to the right a clump of hardy trees, with no great deal of foliage, but some stoutness; to the left a long finger of land running out into the water like a wedge, the most eastern point of the western shore of Hudson's Bay. It was high and bold, and, somehow, had a fine dignity and beauty. One could imagine some one always standing sentinel there, or some hermit coming ever and anon to its farthest brow and facing the white, silent east, thinking of the garden of pomegranates, the milk and honey, the golden apples in ripe orchards, the yellow roses in fair gardens, the bowers in which he should never rest again; summoning his soul to dwell in the better joy of this air blowing down from the Pole; this deep, mystical North with its camp of the delightful fires; learning that the smell of the pine and cypress and cedar is sweeter than the musky woods of the summer worlds; that the cry of the silver heron is fine as the skylark's song rising from island meadows; that the white tusks of the narwhal make richer ornaments than Parian marble; and that the bread of corn ground between two stones, with shreds of deer's meat, is richer in the mouth, alone with the dreams that come from the Lodges of the Wise, than banquets in the halls of a king.

If you had gone to the farthest point of the rocky wedge you would have seen that a spot on the stone was worn smooth, and that a faint path was trodden to it from the plains behind. If you had eyes like an Indian's you would also have seen that the path led away north to a great log-house called King's House, where traders of the company lived, gathering furs to send away to Fort Albany for England, and distributing to the other ports, south and west, the yearly supplies which came by the company's ship.

Lawless noticed that Pierre seemed to be listening intently, though his attitude was so careless. He kept silence, waiting like any true adventurer—every man is that who is fit to live in

the good North—and his patience had its reward. He saw Pierre half rise and turn his head, as though he had heard a sound, as was the case. Presently he too heard it—the soft crash of crisp grass under the feet. He raised himself to a sitting posture and waited. The step was human, he knew that, and it was a month since he and Pierre had heard any footsteps of man save their own. It is not true that men love each other better where there are few to love, because there are few and the heart is hungry. But it is true that men, in lonely places, where nature has had its way with them and cleared their souls of rubbish, know each other better in a day than they do in London town in a year. A footstep on the clear air of night, in the hushed loneliness of the North, raises in a man's mind tremendous questioning. One half-hour beside the fire and the cooking-pot decides the grave question—are we comrades or strangers forever? You cannot pull the same blanket over you both, and tear apart the same strip of buffalo-meat, if, having read each other by the light of the great fires, you find the plague-spot of the alien nature.

Lawless, therefore, had a moment of strange suspense, Pierre one of deep curiosity; for he guessed instantly that the stranger was the lonely bugler from the wedge of rock outlined against the cold sky.

Presently a tall figure came out of the dusk into the light of their fire, and a long arm waved a greeting at them. Both Lawless and Pierre rose to their feet. The stranger was dressed in buckskin, he carried a rifle, and around his shoulder was a strong yellow cord, from which hung a bugle.

"How!" said the stranger, with a nod, and drew near the fire, stretching out his hands to the blaze.

"How!" said Lawless and Pierre, looking him up and down and studying his face. There was no speech for a moment, and no awkwardness, for hosts and stranger were bent on the same task, and Pierre's eyes were not keener on the stranger than his on Pierre and Lawless.

After a moment Lawless drew from his blanket a flask of brandy, and still without a word handed it over the fire. The fingers of the two men met in the flicker of flames, a sort of bond by fire, and the stranger raised the flask.

"Chin-chin," he said, and drank, breathing a long sigh of satisfaction afterward as he handed it back; but it was Pierre

\* Copies of LESLIE'S WEEKLY containing the stories of this series can be had by addressing this office.



that took it, and again fingers touched in the bond of fire. Pierre passed the flask to Lawless, who lifted it.

"Chin-chin," he said, drank, and gave the flask to Pierre again, who did as did the others, and said "Chin-chin," also.

Thus by the greetings, "Howe" and "Chin-chin," were the far North and the far South, the far West and the far East united, and by that salutation of the East, given in the far North, Lawless knew that he had met one who had lighted fires where men are many and close to the mile as holes in a sieve.

Then they all sat down and tobacco went round, the stranger offering his, while the two others, with true hospitality, accepted.

"We heard you over there—it was you?" said Lawless, nodding toward Point o' Bugles, and glancing at the bugle the other carried.

"Yes, it was me," was the reply. "Some one always does it twice a year, on the 25th September and the 25th March. I've done it now without a break for ten years, until it has got to be a sort of religion with me, and the whole thing's as real as if King George and John York were talking—I, John York. And as I tramp to the point or swing away back, in summer barefooted, in winter on my snow-shoes, I seem to myself to be John York on the trail of the king's bugles. I've thought so much about the whole thing, I've read so many of John York's letters—and how many times one of the king's!—that now I scarcely know which is the bare story, and which the bits I've dreamed as I've tramped over the plains or sat in the quiet at King's House, spelling out little by little the man's life, from the cues which I found in his journal, in the company's papers, and in that one letter of the king's."

Pierre's eyes were now more keen than those of Lawless. For years he had known vaguely of this legend of Point o' Bugles, but he had never been satisfied with what he knew, feeling sure that there was much more to be told. He knew more legends than any man in the North, and had prized them more than any, giving them only to such as Tybalt, the tale-gatherer, who told them again in writing, as he held tales never should be told.

"You know it all," he said; "begin at the beginning—how and when you first heard, how you got the real story, and never mind which is taken from the papers and which from your own mind—if it all fits in it is all true, for the lie never fits in right with the square truth. If you have the footprints and the handprints you can tell the whole man; if you have the horns of a deer you know it as if you had killed it, skinned it, and potted it."

The stranger stretched himself before the fire, nodding at his hosts as he did so, and then began:

"Well, a word about myself first," he said, "so you'll know just where you are. I was full of life in London town and India, and that's a fact. I'd plenty of friends and little money, and my will wasn't equal to the task of keeping out of the hands of the Jews. I didn't know what to do, but I had to go somewhere, that was clear. Where? An accident decided it. I came across an old journal of my great grandfather, John York—my name's Dick Adderley—and just as if a chain had been put round my leg and I'd been jerked over by the tipping of the world, I had to come to Hudson's Bay. John York's journal was a thing to sit up nights to read. It came back to England after he'd had his fill of Hudson's Bay and the earth beneath, and had gone, as he said himself on the last page of the journal, to follow the king's bugles in 'the land that is far off.' God and the devil were strong in old John York. I didn't lose much time after I'd read the journal. I went to Hudson's Bay house in London, got a place in the company, by the help of the chief shareholder, the governor himself, and came out. I've learned the rest of the history of old John York—the part that never got to England; for here at King's House there's a holy tradition that the real John York belongs to it and to it alone, and has no concern for the rest of the world."

Then Adderley laughed a little. "Pride is pride the world over," he added, "and I suppose when the earth was young, and families lived a thousand miles apart, the family history was put away with lavender and the family plate just as now. Anyhow, King's House guards John York's memory and life, and it's as fresh and real here now as if he'd died yesterday, though it's forgotten in England and by most who bear his name, and the present Prince of Wales maybe never heard of the man who was the dearest friend of the prince regent, the first gentleman of Europe."

"That sounds sweet gossip," said Lawless, with a smile; "we are waiting."

The other took up the thread. "John York was an honest man, of wholesome sport, jovial, and never shirking with the wine, commendable in his appetite, of rollicking soul and proud temper, and a gay dog altogether—gay, but to be trusted too, for he had a royal heart. In the

coltish days of the prince regent he was a boon comrade, but never did he stoop to flattery, nor would he hedge when truth should be spoken, as oftentimes it was with the royal blade, for he had saucy notions of his place, and would at times forget a prince was but a man, topped with the accident of a crown. Never prince had truer friend, and so in his best hours he thought, himself, and if he ever was just and showed his better part, it was to the bold country gentleman who never minced praise or blame, but said his say, and devil take the end of it. In truth, the prince was willful, and once he did a thing which might have given a twist to the fate of England. Hot for the love of women, and with some dash of real romance in him, too—else even as a prince he might have had shallower love and service—he called John York one day and said: 'To-night at seven, Squire John, you'll stand with me while I put the seal on the Gates of Eden; and, when the other did not guess his import, added: 'Sir Mark Selby is your neighbor—his daughter's for my arms to-night. You know her, handsome Sally Selby—she's for your prince, for good or ill.'

"John York could scarcely understand at first, for he could not think the prince had anything in mind but some hot escapade of love. When Mistress Selby's name was mentioned his heart stood still, for she had been his choice, the dear apple of his eye, since she had bloomed toward womanhood. He had set all his hopes upon her, tarrying till she should have seen some little life before he asked her for his wife. He had her father's God-speed to his wooing, for he was a man whom all men knew honest and generous as the sun, and only choleric with the mean thing. She, also, had given him good cause to think that he should one day take her to his home, a loved and honored wife. His impulse, when her name passed the prince's lips, was to draw his sword, for he would have called an emperor to account; but presently he saw the real meaning of the speech—that the prince would marry her that night."

Here the story-teller paused again, and Pierre said softly, inquiringly:

"You began to speak in your own way, and you've come to another—like going from an almanac to the Mass."

The other smiled. "That's so. I've heard it told by old Shearnton at King's House, who speaks as if he'd stepped out of Shakespeare, and somehow I seem to hear him talking, and I tell it as he told it last year to the governor of the company. Besides, I've listened these seven years to his style."

"It's a strange beginning—unwritten history of England," said Sir Duke, musingly.

"You shall hear stranger things yet," answered Adderley. "John York could hardly believe it at first, for the thought of such a thing never had place in his mind. Besides, the prince knew how he had looked upon the lady, and he could not have thought his comrade would come in between him and his happiness. Perhaps it was the difficulty, adding spice to the affair, that sent the prince to the appeal of private marriage to win the lady, and John York always held that he loved her truly then, the first and only real affection of his life. The lady—who can tell what won her over from the honest gentleman to the faithless prince? That soul of vanity which wraps about the real soul of every woman, fell down at last before the highest office in the land and the gifted bearer of the office. But the noble spirit in her brought him to offer marriage, when he might otherwise have offered—a barony. There is a record of that and more in John York's memoirs which I will tell you, for they have settled in my mind like an old song, and I learned them long ago. I give you his own words:

"I did not think when I beheld thee last, dearest flower of the world's garden, that I should see thee bloom in that wide field, rank with the sorrows of royal favor. How did my foolish eyes fill with tears when I watched thee, all rose and gold in thy cheeks and hair, the light falling on thee through the chapel window, putting thy pure palm into my prince's, swearing thy life away, selling the very blossoms of earth's orchards for the brier beauty of a hidden vineyard! I saw the flying glories of thy cheeks, the halcyon weather of thy smile, the delicate lilt of thy bosom, the dear gayety of thy step, and oh, that moment, I mourned for thy sake that thou wert not the dullest wench in the land, for then thou hadst been spared thy miseries, thou hadst been saved the torture-boot of a lost love and a disacknowledged wifedom. And yet I could not hide from me that thou wert happy at that great moment, when he swore to love and cherish thee, till death ye parted. Ah, George, my prince, my king, how wickedly thou didst break thy vows with both of us who loved thee well, loved thee through good and ill report—for they spake evil of thee, George; aye, the meanest of thy subjects spake lightly of their king—when with that sweet soul secretly hid away in the farthest corner of thy kingdom, thou soughtst

divorce from thy later Caroline, whom thou, unfaithful, didst charge with infidelity. When, at last, thou didst turn again to the partner of thy youth, thy true wife in the eyes of God, it was too late. Ah, George, didst thou not call to mind the perfect goodness of that dear soul, that burst her heart for thee, whom thou didst call thy queen of queens, while she, when she had fastened her heart to thee in the valley of love, wished thee only to call her your Sally, and be stanch to her? Did I not make thee promise, aye, make thee promise, George, that though thou couldst not take to share thy throne this dear maid of no lineage, thou shouldst never take another wife, never put our dear heart away, though she could not—after our miserable laws—bear thee princes? And thou didst promise, and thou didst break thy promise, yet she forgave thee, and I forgave thee, for well we knew that thou wouldst pay a heavy reckoning, and that in the hour when thou shouldst cry to us we might not come to thee; that in the days when age and sorrow and vast troubles should oppress thee thou wouldst long for the true and honest hearts who loved thee for thyself and not for aught thou couldst give or aught that thou wert, save as a man. And it was so; aye, it was so. When thou didst swear to take Caroline to wife I pleaded with thee, I was wroth with thee. Thy one plea was succession. Succession! Succession! What were a hundred dynasties beside that precious life, eaten by shame and sorrow? It were easy for others, not thy children, to come after thee, to rule as well as thee, as must even now be the case, for thou hast no lawful child save that one in the loneliest corner of thy English vineyard—alack! alack! On that day I begged thee, warned thee, George, and thou didst drive me out with words ill-suited to thy friend who loved thee.

"I did not fear thee, I would have forced thee to thy knees or made thee fight me, had not some good spirit cried to my heart that thou wert her husband, and that we both had loved thee. I dared not listen to the brutal thing thou hintedst at—that now I might fatten where I had hungered. Thou hadst to answer for the baseness of that thought to the King of Kings, George, when thou wentest forth—alone, no subject, courtier, friend, wife, or child to do thee service, journeying—not *en prince*, George; no, not *en prince*! but as a naked soul to God. Thou saidst to me: 'Get thee gone, John York, where I shall no more see thee.' And when I returned: 'Wouldst thou have me leave thy country, sir?' thou answeredst, 'Blow thy quarrelsome soul to the stars where my farthest bugle cries.' Then I said: 'I go, sir, till thou callest me again—and after; but not till thou hast honored the child of thy honest wedlock; till thou hast secured thy wife to the end of her life against all manner of trouble save the shame of thy disloyalty.' There was no more for me to do, for my deep love itself forbade my staying longer within reach of the noble deserted soul. And so I saw the chastened glory of her face no more, nor nevermore beheld her perfectness."

Adderley paused once more, and, after refilling his pipe in silence, continued:

"That was the heart of the thing. His soul sickened of the rank world, as he called it, and he came out to the Hudson's Bay country, leaving his estates in care of his nephew, but taking many stores and great chests of clothes and a ship-load of furniture, instruments of music, more than a thousand books, some good pictures, and great stores of wine. And here he came and stayed, an officer of the company, building King's House, and filling it with all the fine things he had brought with him, making in this far North a little palace in the wilderness. And here he lived, his great heart growing greater in this wide, sinewy world, King's House a place of pilgrimage for all the company's men in the North; a noble gentleman in a sweet exile, loving what he could no more, what he did no more, see. Twice a year he went to that point yonder and blew this bugle, no man knew why or wherefore, year in year out till 1817. Then there came a letter to him with great seals, which began: 'John York, John York, where art thou gone, John York?' And there followed a score of sorrowful sentences, full of petulance, too, for it was as John York foretold, his prince longed for the true souls whom he had cast off. But he called too late, for the neglected wife died from the shock of his longing message to her, and when, by the same mail, John York knew that, he would not go back to England to the king. But twice every year he went to yonder point and spoke out the king's words to him: 'John York, John York, where art thou gone, John York?' And gave the words of his own letter in reply: 'King of my heart, king of my heart, I am out on the trail of thy bugles.' To this he added three calls of the bugle, as you have heard."

With this Adderley handed the bugle to Lawless, who looked at it with deep interest and passed it on to Pierre.

"When he died," Adderley added, "he left the house, the fittings, and the stores to the officers of the company who should be stationed there, with a sum of money yearly, provided that twice in twelve months the bugle should be blown as you have heard it, and those words called out."

"Why did he do that?" asked Lawless, nodding toward the point.

Pierre answered this:

"Why do they swing the censers at the Mass?" he said. "Man has signs for memories, and one man seeing another's sign will remember his own."

Lawless smiled gravely, and presently said to Adderley:

"You stay because you like it—at King's House?"

The other stretched himself lazily to the fire and, "I am at home," he said. "I have no cares. I had all there was of that other world; I've not had enough of this. You'll come with me to King's House to-morrow?" he added.

To their quick assent he rejoined: "You'll never want to leave. You'll stay on."

To this Lawless replied, shaking his head: "I have a wife and child in England."

But Pierre did not reply. He lifted the bugle, mutely asking a question of Adderley, who as mutely replied, and then, with it in his hand, left the other two beside the fire.

A few minutes later they heard, with three calls of the bugle from the point afterward, Pierre's voice:

"John York, John York, where art thou gone, John York?" and the reply:

"King of my heart, king of my heart, I am out on the trail of thy bugles."

## The Cleveland Art Movement.

A YEAR or so ago the efforts of the people of good taste in Cleveland to prevent the erection of an inartistic monument in the most conspicuous part of that beautiful city were described in this paper. The monument, too, was spoken of in terms that it deserved. It was said to be not only hideously ugly and thoroughly inartistic, but inappropriate in the sentiment it was meant to express to posterity. The art lovers of Cleveland were defeated in their efforts and the monument has been erected. It offends in its badness the nice aesthetic sense of all those who know anything about art, and in another generation there will probably be a general demand for its demolition. But, in a sense, the agitation for and against the erection of the monument has resulted in a public good, for those who have no love and no knowledge of art have discovered themselves to the community and the enlightened minority have been brought into a closer communion and in their love for the beautiful have established an intimate fellowship.

Cleveland, as all who know it are aware, is in many regards a most fortunate town. It has, in Euclid Avenue, one of the most beautiful streets in the world; it has business enterprise happily combining New England thrift with Western go-aheadativeness; it has as a community a prosperity far beyond that of the average American city; it has a society not newly rich but accustomed to wealth and to the refinements that wealth secures; it has one of the very best systems of common schools in all America; it has given to the world men and women who have won fame in the spheres of letters and of science. Indeed, Cleveland as a city has long been firmly established in the right kind of prosperity, and while there is much in its history to make its citizens proud, there is a prospect of further attainments which should make them, untrammelled by materialism, feel most hopeful for the future.

Fortunate are those mortals who have learned that wealth in itself is not an end worth pursuing, but that it is valuable only because it affords the means for better living, for closer study, and for the polishing of the crudities and vulgarities of the world until they shall have become the polite refinements which sweeten and broaden life. The thoughtful part of the civilized world has long been aware that the study of the fine arts is the best possible method for the acquisition of this most desirable refinement. A love of beauty for its own sake and a knowledge of what is really beautiful constitute an education which will go very far toward banishing coarse immorality from a community. The man who loves the beautiful instinctively hates what is mean, and to admire what is mean is about the shabbiest habit which mankind can acquire. Indeed, it is snobbish. "One who admires mean things meanly is a snob," said Thackeray—and snobbishness is a something as contemptible as it is un-American. When wealth has been acquired, snobbishness is sure to ensue unless a generous cultivation in the fine and the polite arts shall banish it far away.

As was said before, there has long been wealth



in Cleveland, but this cultivation of the arts in any general way is a comparatively new thing, though, to be sure, there have been art lovers in Cleveland for many years. But now they have come together and they are going about their work of regeneration with the same characteristic thoroughness which long ago made the common schools of the city so excellent that even the most fastidious do not care for better places of instruction for their children. There has been an endowment of something like three millions of dollars for an art museum, which will be placed in Wade Park, and this will be administered by the Cleveland Art Association—a kind of union of all the art interests of the city. There are in operation—in successful operation—two art schools, the Cleveland School of Art and the Cleveland Art Club School. These schools are rivals, and more or less jealous of each other, but the Art Association takes them both into account in its general work of encouragement. Last winter the association had a course of lectures from men who are competent to speak about the art in this country and the art of the world. These were attended by great crowds—crowds that were delighted by the breezy humor of Hopkinson Smith, and genuinely exalted by the earnest sincerity of Chase. This winter these lectures will be continued—indeed, there is a demand for them, for the interest in art has become so intense that there is a cry for enlightenment like that of hungry men for bread. Much of this interest is due to the fostering care of the Art Association, and much more, perhaps, to the influence of the great fair at Chicago, at which, no doubt, hundreds of thousands of Americans had glimpses of good art for the first time in their lives, and where millions were taught the lesson that beauty and utility are not antagonistic, but may be harnessed together and made to work in perfect harmony.

Last winter the Art Association held an exhibition of paintings, and this was so generally visited that when it was over the treasurer had \$14,000 to distribute among the poor of the city. This winter there is to be a more ambitious exhibition, and the American painters and owners of works of art have been invited to contribute to the show. A representative of the association has been in New York and has been met quite half-way by the artists of the metropolis; he will therefore be able to report to his colleagues that there will be held in Cleveland this winter a splendid exhibition of the best American paintings. One feature of the exhibition is worthy of note. Several thousand dollars in prizes will be awarded, and the pictures that are selected as the best will be purchased for the Art Museum. Further than this, all the profits of the exhibition will be used in buying the pictures that are considered by the jury to be most worthy, and these, too, will be placed in the museum. The pupils of the art schools will also have an opportunity to exhibit, not in competition with the professionals, but in competition among themselves, and prizes will be given to those who are fortunate.

But the most striking illustration of this art movement in Cleveland is yet to be mentioned. Stirred up by all the influences that have been named, a desire has grown on the part of the active members of the Art Association to make an art pilgrimage, and see together and under proper guidance what treasures of art are to be found in the other great American cities. It was at first decided that this pilgrimage should be made this autumn, but it had to be postponed because a great number of public-school teachers wished to join in the pilgrimage, and their duties at school kept them just now at home. So the pilgrimage was postponed till the Christmas holidays, when a special train will start from Cleveland and go to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. These devoted pilgrims will not only visit the public galleries and museums, but many private galleries will be opened for their inspection. When I first heard of this I was rather amused, and was inclined to look upon the scheme as extravagantly enthusiastic. But the more I have thought of it the better has it pleased me, and the more has it seemed to me that it was an entirely praiseworthy evidence of a desire for knowledge. It is not to be a mere holiday junket at the expense of some enthusiast, but each pilgrim will pay his or her own way, and I am told that none of them feel that either their time or their money will be wasted. The art dealers in Cleveland say that it is difficult now to sell cheap trash as works of art; in a little while, if the efforts just mentioned be persisted in, the people of Cleveland will know a good thing on sight, and will have none other. The next time some public functionaries or board of aldermen propose to inflict upon the city of Cleveland a wretched travesty on art in the form of a monstrous monument, the lovers of beauty will probably be in the majority, and the stone-masons who would be sculptors and the builders who call themselves architects will each be sent about his proper business.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

## OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE EAST.

THE JAPANESE HOSPITAL SYSTEM DESCRIBED.

HIROSHIMA, JAPAN, October 16th.—I have just received an order from the military headquarters to embark at once on the transport *Nagata Maru*, on board of which Field-Marshal Count Oyama, commander-in-chief of the second Japanese army, is to take passage with his staff. How is this? you will ask, and how do you happen to be in Japan when only a few days ago you were in Corea? I will explain. Immediately after my interview with the regent of Corea, Tai Won Kun, I heard that General Oyama, the minister of war, had been relieved of his office and made a field-marshal. It immediately occurred to me that something was going on in Japan worth knowing, and as I did not expect any great event to take place in Corea for some time I hurried back to the coast, and having permission to take passage on any Japanese war-vessel or transport, I jumped on the first one going to Ujina, the great naval harbor of Japan, which, as I have explained in a previous letter, is situated on the Inland Sea and but two miles distant from Hiroshima, the military and staff headquarters, where the Emperor is also living for the present.

From the look of things it was clear that I was not mistaken, and that something was going on. In the harbor twenty-five big transports were at anchor; the docks were crowded with soldiers, infantry, cavalry, artillery, Red Cross, horses, arms, ammunitions, provisions, etc. The country between Ujina and Hiroshima, one of the most picturesque in the world, was covered with detachments of infantry practicing rifle-shooting, marching, taking by assault immense fortifications and big walls built for the purpose; cavalry running, charging, crossing rivers; mountain artillery being taken over the hills, stopping now and then to be mounted, loaded, discharged, then dismounted and started again. Everywhere could be seen the telegraphists of the signal service with their two flags, one white, the other red, signaling to the different detachments. Long lines of coolies, with heavy loads, were drilled in marching and running, and other long lines of packed horses could be seen coming down the hills with the same load they will have on foreign soil.

Hiroshima itself presented a wonderful aspect. Streets and houses were decorated with the Japanese flag and thousands of great paper lanterns of the queerest designs. Hundreds of new stores had been opened and were selling all kinds of American, European, and Asiatic goods, and doing an enormous business. Indeed, I never saw such a wonderful spectacle. I immediately went to the headquarters, to call on the lieutenant-general, whom I found as kind and as charming as ever. I spent part of that evening with him and other officers of the staff, most of whom spoke French fluently, telling them all I had seen in Corea. They did not try to hide from me that a second army, under command of Field-Marshal Count Oyama, would leave within a few days—not for Corea, but for China, and they promised to allow me to follow it. I shall be the only foreigner, the three or four other American and English war correspondents who reached Ping Yang, the first one ten days after the battle, being still with the first army.

It was a most difficult thing to find rooms in Hiroshima, this small city being packed with officials of all ranks, officers of all grades, senators and deputies, who have come for the opening of Parliament. At last a charming gentleman, Mr. Kando, offered me two rooms in his house. He is the vice-president of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the great Japanese steamship company, which has over sixty magnificent steamers plying between Japan, Siberia, Corea, China, Manila, Java, Australia, Ceylon, India, Honolulu—they will soon go the States! I shall not attempt to describe, as indeed it would take too many pages, the delights one has in being again in a clean and lovely country.

One of the most interesting things I have seen is undoubtedly the hospital, or rather, hospitals. They are situated back of the ancient and strange-looking castle where the Emperor has now his headquarters, in a lovely valley divided into gardens and parks, many of which extend to the picturesque and wooded hills which rise in all directions. I was received upon my arrival at the offices of the main hospital by the surgeon-major-general, T. Tshiguro, who looks like a German scientist. "I am glad indeed to welcome you here," he said. "I have heard much about you from Ping Yang. In his report, which I read this morning to his majesty the Emperor, our surgeon-general of the army in Corea mentions your presence at Ping Yang, your visits to the hospitals, and the great interest

you took in the wounded Japanese and Chinese. You want to know all about the hospitals here? Very well. Then let me state that we have the hospital proper, composed of eight buildings, accommodating five hundred patients; the first branch hospital, twenty-five buildings, containing twelve hundred beds; the second branch hospital, five buildings, six hundred beds, and lastly, the third branch hospital for over one thousand patients. Should you wish to visit them, I will gladly accompany you."

Before leaving, the surgeon-major-general took a silk bag, opened it and showed me the contents—some bandages of the finest white flannel.

"These," he said, "have been made by the Empress. Her Majesty and the ladies of her court at Tokio spend most of their days making such bandages and other things useful in our hospitals. A whole apartment in the imperial palace has been turned into a real factory in which her Majesty and the other ladies are working constantly."

"May I have one of these bandages?" I asked. "Why, certainly. I can assure you that neither her Majesty nor any of us have forgotten what you did two years ago."

At first I did not understand at all what he meant, but he quickly explained, and the fact is this. Every year the ladies of the court organize a bazaar, a ball or a concert for the benefit of the Tokio Hospital and the Red Cross Society. The year I was there as a World's Fair Commissioner, shortly after the illustrated lecture on the United States and the Exposition, which I had given at the palace before the Emperor and the Empress, I was requested to repeat it for the benefit of the hospital and Red Cross. It was given under the auspices of the imperial household, the ladies of the court and of the corps-diplomatic selling the tickets, and everything being managed by Madame Sannomiya, a charming English lady, wife of the grand master of the court of the Empress, by Marquis Kido and young Count Ito, son of the prime minister. Several hundred dollars were cleared.

"And you will see what they are now used for," said the surgeon-general.

All the hospital buildings are separated by beautiful gardens, and surrounded by wide verandas. Never have I seen such a clean and delightful hospital; the ventilation was so exceedingly good, and everything kept so clean, that it was altogether free from the disagreeable odors one is accustomed to find in our hospitals. The first building we visited was occupied by wounded officers, and the care bestowed upon them was touching indeed. Flowers, fresh fruit, fine cigarettes and cigars, books, and a hundred other things were to be seen in these rooms. One of the officers was nursed by his young daughter, a lovely little "munsme's" of about fifteen, dressed in the most magnificent silk kimono. I could not help thinking how pleasant it must be to be sick—when nursed by such a pretty girl!

The buildings for soldiers are as nice and clean as those for officers. Instead of being divided in small rooms, each has but a long dormitory, at both ends of which are bath-rooms and other conveniences. All the beds are covered with white comforters, thickly padded with fine feathers. Each man wears a long white kimono, on one sleeve of which is the Red Cross. I need not add that the latest devices, inventions, and discoveries, in medicine or surgery, are being made use of here.

The daily report showed that the day I visited the hospitals they were sheltering 229 wounded, 319 cases of dysentery, 484 cases of fever and various diseases. The staff of the hospital is composed of one chief, thirty doctors, seven druggists, eighteen head nurses, and 238 nurses. Many of these are women of the best society, the head nurse being Viscountess Niré, wife of a vice-admiral. The nurses are dressed in a long white kimono, and wear a strange little bonnet which makes them look as cute and nice as possible. I was rather amused at seeing a small, small nurse helping to walk a big cavalryman twice as tall and large as she was.

When, a couple of hours later, we returned to the office of the surgeon-major-general, he showed me little packages containing disinfected bandages, one of which every soldier carries under his coat.

"Thanks to this," said the surgeon, "a soldier is able to dress his wound as soon as it is received, and this means much, as you know; for we can now—and once more thanks to this—cure in from fifteen to twenty days a wound which otherwise would take sixty days." Just as he

made this remark a band began to play in the garden.

"You hear?" he asked. "Well, his majesty the Emperor, who you undoubtedly know takes the greatest interest in our wounded people—as in everything concerning the army—has ordered one of the military bands and one of the navy bands to come here, in turn, daily, and to play for the diversion of the wounded soldiers."

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

## OUR PLAYERS



MISS REHAN AS "KATHARINE."

### Ada Rehan as a Star.

MISS ADA REHAN has long been one of the most notable actresses on the American stage, but until this season her position has been that of leading lady in Mr. Daly's company of players. This season she has been starred through, what writers about dramatic affairs usually call, the provinces. That is, she has led a company and has been the chief attraction of it in a tour of the great cities of the United States other than New York. It is gratifying to record the fact that Miss Rehan's starring tour has been most abundantly successful, and that, too, in the face of the fact that times have been very hard in business circles wherever she has been. Such a condition of depression is usually more than sufficient to mar the business success of any theatrical venture. But it appeared to have no effect at all on Miss Rehan's houses, for she attracted in many cities greater audiences than had ever been known in those places before. This was notably so in Louisville, where, as a young girl, seventeen years ago, Miss Rehan made her first appearance on the stage. Since then Louisville people have always felt that the beautiful and accomplished actress in some sense belonged to them. And so when she went back to them fresh from new fields of victory over the sea, they rallied around her with a double purpose—to show their affection for an old-time friend and to enjoy the art which put out its first bud of promise in their town.

It is always pleasant to hear of the success of a worker in any sphere, and to tell about it, but when the success is also well deserved and has been achieved through hard and patient work, and along thoroughly artistic lines, then the pleasure of hearing and of telling about it is more than doubled. Indeed, in Miss Rehan's case every sincere admirer of good art must feel a special gratification that her work has won its way with the people. She has always been in her public attitude all artist, all actress, without obtrusion of her private affairs, and the fact that she is appreciated shows a distinct elevation of the popular taste.

Miss Rehan has just returned from her tour, and on the 27th instant her company began the regular season at Daly's Theatre in New York, in "Twelfth Night," in which she plays the part of Viola in such charming fashion that both the play and the character have in them new and fuller meanings than they appeared to have before. Whatever may be said of the futility of gilding refined gold, it is nevertheless true that even to the close student of Shakespeare his plays are always illumined when they are interpreted by a skillful player, warm with the fire of genius and cool with the repression of high art. After "Twelfth Night" will be given other plays of Shakespeare, and in mid-winter a new play, not yet announced, will be produced. This will be a grateful change from the merry dancing girls who have for weeks past cut "high jinks" in the unaccustomed precincts of Mr. Daly's play-house. J. G. S.





HARVARD PRACTICING AN END PLAY WITH INTERFERENCE.



DROP KICK BY BREWER (HARVARD).



HICKOK AND CAPTAIN



CRANSTON COACHING HARVARD'S CENTRE MEN.



CAPTAIN EMMONS (HARVARD) CONSULTING A COACH AS TO STYLE OF PLAY.



HARVARD TEAM.



ARMSTRONG FALLS ON BALL, BUTTERWORTH ABOUT TO KICK.



BUTTERWORTH (YALE) TACKLING.

## HARVARD VS. YALE

OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER VISITS THE TWO GREAT RIVAL FOOTBALL TEAMS AT THEIR FINAL PRACTICE FOR





HICKOK AND CAPTAIN HINKEY (YALE) KICK FOR GOAL.



HALF-BACK JERREMS (YALE).



KICK-OFF BY HICKOK (YALE).



THORNE (YALE) MAKING A CATCH.



CAPTAIN HINKEY (YALE) ON THE JUMP.



Rhodes. Heffelfinger. Wallace. Tompkins.  
YALE'S FAMOUS COACHES—MCUREA (YALE) TACKLING.

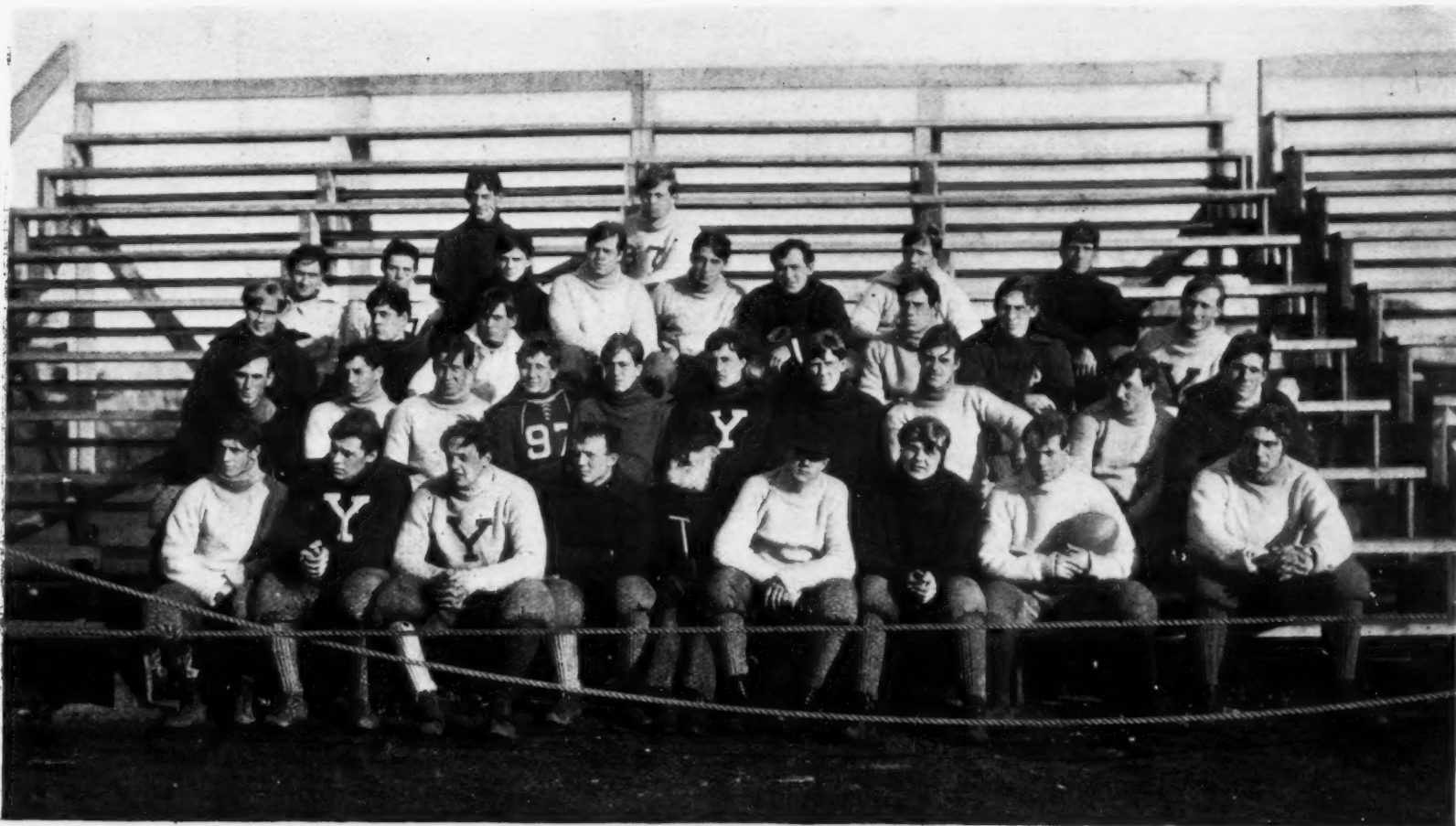


ORTH ABOUT TO KICK.



TACKLING.

D VS. YALE.



YALE TEAM.



## DR. PARKHURST—MAN AND CRUSADER.



In order to get an insight into the greatest achievement of individual human effort in the last decade of the nineteenth century, let

us go back eight years to a tumultuous midnight in the winter of 1886-7. Two men, erect, stern in the execution of a purpose which revolted all that was good in their souls, were walking along Water Street, through the slums which made New York harbor infamous. They had deliberately begun their stroll at Castle Garden, and there was nothing shameless and vile which they did not seek and see as they moved up town. The one, a man of stalwart physique and military bearing, was the guide and apparently the preceptor of the other, a smaller, slighter figure, whose black eyes blazed, but whose pale face seemed otherwise unmoved. The beauties of the slums flaunted their painted charms and ribald wit in this pale face, and the beetle-browed thug, who would do murder for the price of a night's debauch, followed it wistfully. The white-haired soldier who led the way, with anguish depicted on his own stern countenance, blushing for the sins of the city in which he had once been a police commissioner, was Joel B. Erhardt, a man of honorable distinction. His pupil was Charles H. Parkhurst, the doctor of divinity who, seven years later, was destined, as the result of that night's work, to overturn the most stupendous organization of vice, the closest corporation of crime, the vilest aggregation of power and opportunity which the modern world has seen. The now world-famous Parkhurst crusade dates from that evening. The scholar's eyes were opened.

Charles H. Parkhurst was then about forty-six years of age. For five years or more he had been preaching in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, to which he had been invited by New-Yorkers summering in Lenox and impressed in that charming city of villas with the purity and purpose that shone through his sermons and life. There was nothing in his peaceful career up to that time which indicated that here was the apostle of a social revolution. The allurements of a great city were even unknown, its shame and sin unsuspected. Therefore this scholar had passed his untroubled existence amid godly men and women, in the idyllic scenes of New England's loveliest country side, in his library, or amid the homes and haunts of the great men of other ages, in the Old World. He had passed his majority, several years, when he was graduated from Amherst, one of the most conscientious of American colleges, in the year 1866, an event now, in November, 1894, feelingly commemorated by the students of Amherst, who have just voted, in chapel assembled, to send him a letter of congratulation. With the libraries and antiquities of Europe he was familiar; its dives were as yet undreamed of. John E. Parsons, the great corporation lawyer, whose intellect was saturated with the intricate knowledge of mankind up to date, was one of the most influential New-Yorkers who invited this gentle, earnest spirit from Lenox to the American metropolis. Joel B. Erhardt, who had just quit in disgust a New York police commissionership, was one of the first here to estimate this new personal force, this scholarly preacher and self-sacrificing man, at his true worth. Soon the sacrifice he was to make risked almost everything that men hold dear.

It is believed that the record of this incident which so powerfully influenced the heart of this greatest nineteenth-century reformer is now first made public, and its value is apparent. Colonel Erhardt, one of the busiest men of his day, as police commissioner, United States marshal, mayoralty candidate, collector of the port, and now president of the Lawyers' Surety Company of New York, recalls with mingled pride and wonder—at its results, that midnight journey. Asked for some memoranda concerning it, he hastily jotted down for me the following:

"It is now some seven or eight years ago that during a discussion with Dr. Parkhurst I advanced the proposition that few clergymen knew much about the wants of a city like New York; that they preached from the information they could get by looking at the scenes in print, not knowing what was behind. (This he very frankly admitted.) In the course of the evening it was agreed that with me he should visit the slums a few days later. We dined down town at Sutherland's on the appointed evening and began at Castle Garden, where immigrants were then landed. From there we took the East Side, Water Street, Bowery, and where the slums abounded. In short, we saw what there was to see, and saw it as it existed.

"We were alone; the locality was dangerous. The police officer commanding a precinct gave me a ward officer, who followed us instead of our following him. I mention this to show that there could be nothing prepared, as is often done for sight-seers, who are very much shocked, for example, at seeing a beautiful girl posing as a victim of the opium habit, when, in fact, she is not a victim at all, nor does she even smoke opium, but on notice is dressed for the occasion, and smokes some harmless decoction, receiving 'as pay therefor whatever pittance the stranger chooses to give her.

"Nothing escaped Dr. Parkhurst's attention; he saw and remembered all. I promised him that as I had showed him the lower slums, I would begin next time at the top. Circumstances, however, arose which made such a trip on my part impossible, and I so informed him.

"Some time afterward Dr. Crosby died, and Dr. Parkhurst was elected his successor as president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The rest is known. I have seen him but a few times since we met years ago.

"Of Dr. Parkhurst's pedigree I can tell nothing; of that, indeed, I know nothing and care less. The position he has reached does not come to him by descent. He has made his own coat-of-arms, but I think that this Puritan clergyman has selected the claymore and the battle axe to figure on his escutcheon.

"I have often differed with him as I have watched his onward progress—no more serious difference than whether it sometimes would not have been better to accomplish results by going around than by going through. He went through.

"No more splendid achievement was ever accomplished by any conqueror than has been achieved by him."

Colonel Erhardt's contribution to the body of what will be known as Parkhurstiana, the literature relating to and contemporary with the New Crusade, is of the highest value. It is characteristic of the writer.

Dr. Parkhurst's family came from England a number of generations ago, and the New England environment had moulded the stock by the time he came into the world in South Framingham, Massachusetts. He was born in an atmosphere of serenity and grew up to respect his fellow-men, delight in books, and love his God. As a volcano broods by the shore of a smiling sea, with the young vines clothing its sides and the cottages of the shepherds clustering about its base, with the flocks grazing far up toward the snow-clad summit, and the very winds that kiss its crest breathing perpetual calm, so this man grew up, the spirit of fire burning below the peaceful surface, waiting in unconscious power for its opportunity. That opportunity came in the discovery that the second city of the world was cankered with a festering circle of sores, each more loathsome than the last, until the gangrened centre of police corruption, which means Tammany domination, was reached.

After graduation young Parkhurst taught two years in a preparatory school at Amherst. The girl who was to become his wife was a pupil. He went away to Easthampton to teach young men, teaching himself all the while, and returning a year or two later to Amherst, was married to the love of his youth, who is the companion, helpmeet, and love of his mature manhood. After their marriage he was enabled to make a prolonged visit to Europe, and there he became what he is to this day, a man of the world in the best sense of the phrase, familiar with human effort in all ages and its splendid results. There the spirit of emulation set its shining beacon before his steadfast eyes. Since then he has aspired to do for his time and for his generation what will endear him forever to those who love home, purity, simplicity, and honor. For now that even the unthinking who neither knew nor cared for his work, and the vicious who dreaded but admired it, drawn like wandering birds to the Liberty light destined to shatter their wings and dash them to the rocks below; and the scoffers and the envious, and enemies and historians in embryo alike join in attributing to Charles H. Parkhurst the recent signal overthrow of centralized corruption in the municipality of New York, he has passed out of our lives as a familiar plodding figure, and been invested with the hero-robe of fame. To-day there is not a civilized community where men work and women pray for all that both hold dearest, in which the name of Parkhurst is not spoken with pride and admiration. He is another of the Anglo-Saxon great men who lay history under such heavy obligations.

The Parkhurst home in East Thirty-fifth Street is a high-stopped brown-stone house of orthodox exterior. Within it is plain, comfortable, ample. There are no children to make music in its halls, but there is the all-pervading cheerfulness of loving companionship. Dr. Parkhurst's church is one of the most influential in New York, and, looking over Madison Square, commands a view of the centres of metropolitan activity.

Amid the continuing discussion of what this community, which is so deeply indebted to him, should do to show its gratitude to Dr. Parkhurst,

it is pleasant to know that there is a wish dear to his heart which will readily appeal to the public. He is president of the City Vigilance League, which is to give him a complimentary dinner at Jaeger's the evening of the 27th. At this dinner General Horace Porter will preside, and Bishop Potter and Charles Stewart Smith, of the Chamber of Commerce, will speak. It is to be a notable event in many ways, and renders timely this announcement that Dr. Parkhurst desires very earnestly that this league may have a permanent home and an established organization in New York. The good work done by the league under Dr. Parkhurst's direction must be inferred from results accomplished.

A glance at Parkhurst the man shows him slender, of medium height, straight as an Indian. His hair, beard, and eyes are black, and his complexion is dark. His hands and feet are small, his voice is low and even in ordinary discourse, his manner the expression of dormant energy whose voltage he can release at a moment's notice. His study is a work-room, not a show place, his household the seat of unaffected dignity and sincere benevolence. His methods are the application of common honesty and common sense to the assault on political chicanery and entrenched debauchery.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime would seem to have a mission impossible of

execution in this workaday world. But the impossible is belittled by successful attack. Dr. Parkhurst began by resolving crime into its two chief components, bestiality, which he holds up to scorn and scourges with the whip of the law; and misery, which he pities and alleviates. Of all the proposed monuments in his honor, none could be more touchingly expressive of the soul in his work than some appropriate record of his loving tenderness and compassionate help for and sympathy with the outcast women who were the first to feel the force of his outcry against official wrong. From doing his duty to them not the scorn of unbelievers nor the gibes of the ribald, nor the scurrility of such deputed scoundrels as "Tom" Grady, the delegated sewer for the outpouring of the filth of Tammany Hall, nor the righteous rebuke of fellow-churchmen of the holier-than-thou kind, nor the fears of good men nor the horror of good women, could turn him aside. He boldly undertook a task at which the bravest might well have blenched, and he is carrying it to a successful conclusion. His motto seems to have been Luther's:

"Here I stand, I can not do otherwise. God help me! Amen."

And amen! say all good people in every city in the world. For the Parkhurst movement to purify municipalities has only begun.

JOHN PAUL BOCKO.

## The Late Dr. McCosh.

If the late Dr. James McCosh was not one of the really great men of his time, he was easily one of the most useful and distinguished in the line of the higher educational development and as a contributor to the world's stock of knowledge, especially as to religious and philosophical subjects. His greatest work, and that upon which his fame will securely rest, was the elevation of Princeton College from a school to the dignity of a university. This work was undertaken after he had crossed life's meridian—he was fifty-six years of age when he came here from the new Queens College at Belfast—and he prosecuted it with an enthusiasm and persistence of purpose which not only secured for the college a magnificent material equipment, but gave it a commanding eminence as an institution of learning in full and vital sympathy with modern thought and ideas of progress. Personally he was one of the most charming of men; simple, natural, sincere—one of those rare persons whose very presence is a benediction. His influence upon the lives and characters of Princeton's students was in the largest sense stimulating and helpful, and there are thousands of men, now active in affairs in all parts of the country, who will treasure his memory with the tenderest affection.

## O, Rose So Fair!

O, rose so fair, unfold and say  
To her I love that I am near—  
Woo her through whispering leaves, I pray,  
O, rose so fair!

Breathe o'er her brow thy fragrance rare,  
And in a pure, yet potent way,  
Awake her heart with passion's prayer.

Love hides in her—a sleeping May,  
Of its own sweetness unaware—  
Show her the heart's unclouded day,  
O, rose so fair!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

## Notable Election Results.

The general result of the recent elections as to Congress may be summed in the statement that the next House will have 245 Republicans, 105 Democrats, and 6 Populists. The next Senate will consist of 44 Republicans, 38 Democrats, and 6 Populists. It is possible that Senators Peffer, of Kansas, and Jones and Stewart, of Nevada, may vote with the Republicans on matters of organization, thus giving that party control of the Senate for all practical purposes.

It is an interesting fact that more Republicans have been elected to Congress from the South than there are Democrats from the North. In all, 34 Republicans are chosen from the States of Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, Texas, North Carolina, and West Virginia, while only eleven Democrats were chosen from Northern States.

## THE "LONE STAR" REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN.

For the first time in over twenty years, Texas has elected a straight Republican as a member of the House of Representatives. The only break in a solid Democratic delegation from that State since reconstruction days was in the case of Thomas P. Ochiltree, now of this city, who was elected as an Independent, and that of Washington Jones, who was chosen as a Greenbacker. The Hon. George H. Noonan, who is now elected as a Republican from the Twelfth District, overcoming a Democratic majority of 6,600, is a native of New Jersey, where he was born in 1828. He studied law in that State, and in 1851 located in Texas, where he successfully practiced his profession for some years. He refused during the Civil War either to enter the Confederate army or to leave the State, and was granted a written permit to remain by the military officer of his district. In 1862 he was



GEORGE H. NOONAN.



elected judge of the Eighteenth District, but after serving for a time, vacated the office. Subsequently, after the close of the war, he was appointed as judge of the Bexar District, and he has continued to fill that office up to the present day, having been re-elected from time to time. He is a man of ability and force of character, and will be a valuable re-enforcement to the Southern delegation in the House.

#### THE NEBRASKA GOVERNORSHIP.

Judge Silas Alexander Holcomb, who was chosen Governor of Nebraska in the recent election, is the only Populist who achieved gubernatorial honors. His success was due to the fact that in addition to the indorsement of the Democratic State Convention he received the support of the Omaha Bee and of several other influential newspapers. Some ten thousand Republican and about twenty-four thousand Democratic votes were cast in his favor, and his plurality was about one thousand. The Republican ticket, aside from the candidate for Governor, had from seven thousand to thirty thousand plurality. While a Populist, Judge Holcomb is not one of the Waite, Lewelling, or Pennoyer stamp, and it is believed that his administration will be creditable to the State.

### THE AMATEUR FIELD

#### THE YALE-HARVARD TEAMS.

THE most striking difference between the Yale and Harvard foot-ball elevens this year is that Yale has a team made up largely of veteran players, while many of the Harvard men never played in a hard and important game until the one at Springfield. This contrast is noticeable particularly in the rush-line, which is the key to the success of the team, for on the rush-line more than any other part of the eleven rests the brunt of the battle. With Greenway on the team the Yale rush-line is exactly the same as the one which stood up against Harvard and Princeton last year, but Harvard has among her forwards four who never played on a university team until this year, and two who have never played on a class team, even.

In the centre of the line Yale is very fortunate in having three men who have played together for three years and understand one another perfectly. Each has confidence in the other, and all have had that experience which is so valuable in a great intercollegiate contest which tries the nerves of even the oldest and coolest player. Stillman, Hickok, and McCrea make together what is generally conceded to be the best centre in the country. This is their last year in college, and consequently they are on their mettle. Stillman is the best centre rusher on the field to-day. He is very heavy and not so quick as some of the lighter men, but he makes holes for his half-backs, and it is not easy for an opposing rusher to get him out of the way. Toward the end of a long struggle his weight begins to tell against a lighter man, and Stillman always has the best of the play. He falls on the ball well, but does not tackle as he should, nor does he break through the opposing line and stop kicks as Lewis and Balliet did last year. F. Shaw, Harvard's centre, is one of the new men mentioned above. Last year he played guard on his freshman eleven, but was not regarded as a particularly promising candidate for the university team until last summer. Even now he is not up to the standard of recent years. Shaw, like Stillman, weighs fully two hundred pounds, but the former does not take so active a part in the game as his opponent.

Hickok, Yale's right guard, is one of the best guards, if not the best, on a college team to-day. Last year in New York he was outplayed by Wheeler of Princeton, but the big Yale man was not then at his best. Wheeler was in splendid physical condition, but Hickok had not then recovered from the strain of the game five days before. Hickok is strong and lively, although not nearly so active in the game as Hefelfinger used to be. In weight there is very little difference between the two. Mackie, Harvard's best guard, is a tried and experienced player, and he "tips the scales" at about the same figure that Hickok does. Each man weighs about two hundred pounds.

McCrea is considered the weakest of the three men at the centre of the Yale line; he does little more than hold back the man opposite him, and sometimes he fails to do this, but his experience makes him the most available of the New Haven candidates. Harvard's right guard, J. N. Shaw, is young and new at the game. This is his first year in college, but his physical qualifications soon secured him a place on the university eleven, although he knew absolutely nothing about the game. In time Shaw ought to be one of the best guards in the country.

Beard, who played left tackle for Yale, and Waters, who was right tackle for Harvard, have all along been regarded as the best men on their teams. Beard is much the heavier, as he weighs almost two hundred pounds, while

Waters is but a little over one hundred and eighty; but what the latter lacks in weight he makes up in quickness and strength. Both players are excellent interferers, and indeed are the main reliance of the two captains in this particular. Beard played for the first time last year, but Waters has before the present season played as tackle, guard, and half-back. This varied experience makes him particularly valuable, and Waters has thus far enjoyed the reputation of being the best tackle playing this fall.

Murphy, right tackle for Yale, played the same position last year, and did fairly good work, although he did not particularly distinguish himself. Murphy has the advantage of age, not an inconsiderable one, and this adds largely to his endurance, but he is not very quick or lively, and a bad shoulder has bothered him considerably since last year. Wheeler and Hallowell, the Harvard tackles, have never played foot-ball to any extent, and the former has had no experience whatever. He is a quick, dashing player, and weighs about one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

When Greenway is well he is the best end-rusher in the country; he is tall, quick, and heavy enough to break up the strongest interference which tries to go around his end. Louis Hinkey, the substitute for Greenway, is a much weaker player, although he has had considerable experience at Andover, where he played on the school team. This younger Hinkey resembles his brother, the Yale captain, in many ways, and plays the same sort of a game; he keeps away from the man opposite him, and devotes his attention to the ball. Captain Emmons himself has looked after Harvard's left end this fall, as he has for three years past. Emmons is very strong, a good tackler, and he follows the ball closely. He is a few pounds heavier than Greenway, and many heavier than Louis Hinkey. Captain Hinkey, who plays left end for Yale, is better known and more talked of than any other player in the country, and his capabilities are evident to every one who follows the game. Since Hinkey has captained the Yale eleven he has not played as well as he did in the two years when he was a private in the ranks, but still he is one of the best end-rushers. A. Brewer, Harvard's right end, has never played in a university game until this year, but he is regarded at Cambridge as a better player than Emmons, in spite of all the latter's experience. A. Brewer is a brother of the Harvard full-back, and has been for two years a Harvard substitute. There is little about the game which the Harvard end does not know.

Adee is playing his second season as quarter-back on the Yale team; both years he has had a hard struggle to get the position from the other candidates, but has succeeded. He is not an ideal candidate, but he passes the ball well and is strong on the defensive. Adee has what people call "a good head," and shows judgment in running the team. Wrenn, the Harvard quarter-back, is better known as a lawn-tennis player than as a foot-ball man. In the former sport he is champion of the country, but this year is almost his first on the foot-ball field, although he played on his freshman eleven three years ago. Wrenn has been chosen by the Harvard coaches because they had confidence in his ability to keep himself and the team under control under trying and critical circumstances, although there is much about the game which he does not know.

Thorne, the Yale half-back, has improved very much since last year, and is now one of the best men playing. He goes through the line and around the end well and kicks beautifully. In many games this fall he has made goals from the field. De Witt, who is ill, is the next best of the Yale half-backs. Armstrong, who played last year, is very strong on the defense, but not worth much as a ground-gainer. Jerrens has been making a good record this year. Butterworth, the full-back, is a host in himself, and has the reputation of being the best ground-gainer in the country. He runs with the ball, kicks and tackles beautifully, and it is not too much to say that his efforts alone are largely responsible for the good showing Yale has made in many games of years past. C. Brewer and Wrightington are the two veterans behind the Harvard line, and both are good ground-gainers. Brewer does most of the kicking, and runs around the end; Wrightington is used for breaking through the line. Cabot, a freshman, is one of the most promising backs seen in a Harvard freshman class for many years; he runs well and tackles strongly. Fairchild is useful chiefly as an interferer and for drop-kicking. Whittemore, the captain of the base-ball eleven, is another promising man. He is very quick on his feet, and when once started with the ball is a hard runner to stop.

John D. Merrill.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER. A \$100 PRIZE.



THE DAISY  
GAME  
AND PROBLEM.  
A LEGEND  
OF  
SWITZERLAND.

HENEVER I  
see a field of  
smiling daisies  
I am remind-  
ed of a pleas-  
ing incident  
which befell  
me a quarter

of a century ago during a trip from Luzerne to Flüelen. While stopping at the village of Altdorf we saw a little maiden playing with some daisies, and when we showed her how, by picking off the petals of the flowers, she could prognosticate her matrimonial future regarding the proverbial "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," she assured us that every one was familiar with the game, with the slight difference that in picking the petals you can pull a single one or any two adjoining ones. The next player also pulls a "single" or "double" from any part of the flower he wishes, and the game goes on until the last leaf is taken and the "stump" or "old maid" is left with your opponent.

To the intense astonishment of our entire party the little maiden, who could not have been more than seven years of age, defeated our entire party, winning every game, no matter who played first.

I did not study out the trick until we were well on our journey, and therefore never had the satisfaction of beating the little mathematician at her own game, but have often played it since, and now publish it for the benefit of our solvers.

Five dollars was offered for the best rule showing how to play the game successfully, but, as many solvers did not understand that the player may skip to different parts of the flower, the time is extended.

#### A GREAT PRIZE PUZZLE.

We give, however, the following interesting problem, and, as previously announced, will present a NEW HOME SEWING-MACHINE for the best answer received within three months.

Select a word of twelve letters and place it one letter at a time on the flower, according to the following rule: Place the point of a pencil on a leaf and give one jump—forward or backward, as at checkers—over the adjoining leaf, to one two steps away. Now start again as before, and place the second letter of your word, and then the third, fourth, etc., always jumping from a vacant leaf over the next leaf on to the third, and continue until the twelve letters are placed. To get them properly arranged so as to read correctly in regular order, you may continue to jump to the vacant squares, but whoever does the trick first in the fewest number of jumps wins the prize. Every one giving an equally good answer will receive a present of a book.

### Our Foreign Pictures.

#### THE MAXIM FLYING-MACHINE.

WE give on another page an illustration of

the Maxim flying-machine which is attracting a good deal of attention in London, where it was recently exhibited. The machine resembles a kite hexagonally shaped, and inclined at a slight angle to a horizontal platform to which it is attached. The theory of its construction, as described by the London Graphic, is this: "When a kite rests on the wind the pressure of the wind is resolved into two forces, one of which presses the kite upward, and one of which presses it forward. If a force can be had to press upward against the surface of Mr. Maxim's hexagonal kite, not only will it lift the platform to which it is attached—by rods, instead of ropes—but it will help to carry kite and platform forward. The upward pressing force in this case is supplied by a couple of screws placed between the kite or aeroplane and the platform. These screws revolve at a very high rate of speed, and the disturbance of the air which they produce can be felt like a strong gale behind the machine." As to the capacity of the machine it is stated that when its speed in a forward direction is thirty-five miles an hour the lifting effect of the aeroplanes is just about equal to the weight of the machine and three men. If the speed is a little above this the lifting power is more than the weight. On one occasion its lifting power was so great as to tear the machine free from the rails, lifting it from them, and so demonstrating the ability of the invention to fly. The machine is of aluminium where it is not bamboo or canvas, and its fuel is petroleum.

#### AN ALPINE DISASTER.

The recent fatality on the Zinal Rothhorn, which is 13,855 feet above the level of the sea, is illustrated on page 351. The party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Dr. Peter Horrocks, and four guides, had ascended to the summit, and descending, had reached the rocks overlooking the Durand Glacier. Here it was necessary to cross a ledge four inches wide, with no good hand-hold for crossing. One of the guides, two of whom were roped to Dr. Horrocks, became entangled in the ropes by the falling of a stone, and all three were thrown upon the steep rocks below. The rope breaking as they fell, one of the guides was precipitated on the Durand Glacier, a distance of two thousand feet, where his body was subsequently found terribly mutilated. Dr. Horrocks recovered consciousness, after his fall, to find himself suspended with his back to the rocks, while his second guide had alighted on his feet on a narrow ledge. Dr. Horrocks was able to turn round and obtain a good hand-hold on the jutting slab of rock which had caught the rope, and he also got one foot on a narrow projection below. He and the guide remained in this position for an hour, and were then rescued by other members of the party, who pulled them up, from one elevation to another, by ropes let down from above. The descent to the base of the mountain was subsequently made in safety, the climb having taken exactly twenty-four hours.

### An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal-card. A trial costs you nothing. \*

## Better and Cheaper.

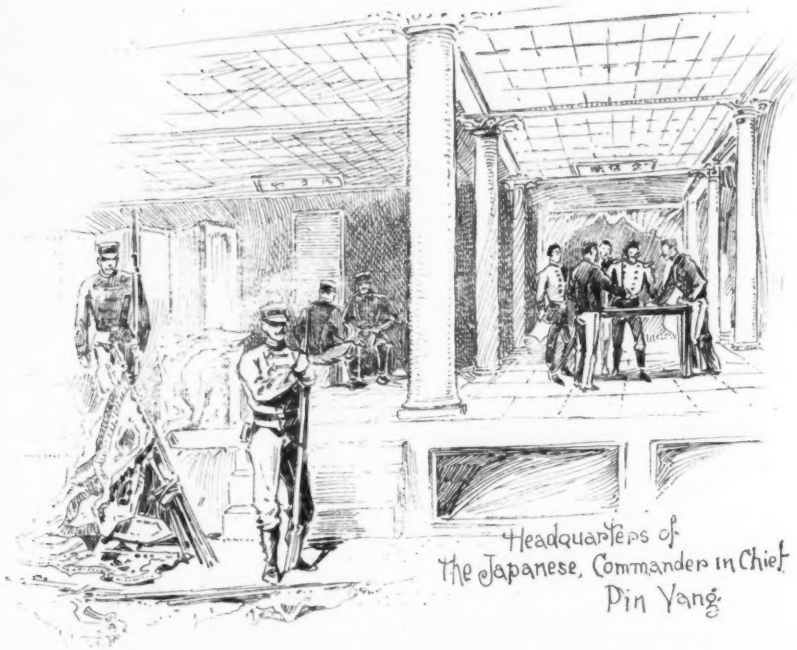
The ROYAL BAKING POWDER is more economical than other brands because of its greater leavening strength, as shown by both the United States and Canadian Government reports.

The other baking powders contain from 20 to 80 per cent. less leavening gas than the ROYAL. So the ROYAL, even should it cost more than the others, would be much the cheaper.

In addition to this the superior flavor, sweetness, wholesomeness and delicacy of the food raised by ROYAL BAKING POWDER would make any difference in cost insignificant.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.





Headquarters of  
the Japanese, Commander in Chief  
Pin Yang.



A Group of Chinese Prisoners



One of the Gates  
Pin Yang.



Hospital for Wounded Soldiers  
Hiroshima Japan.

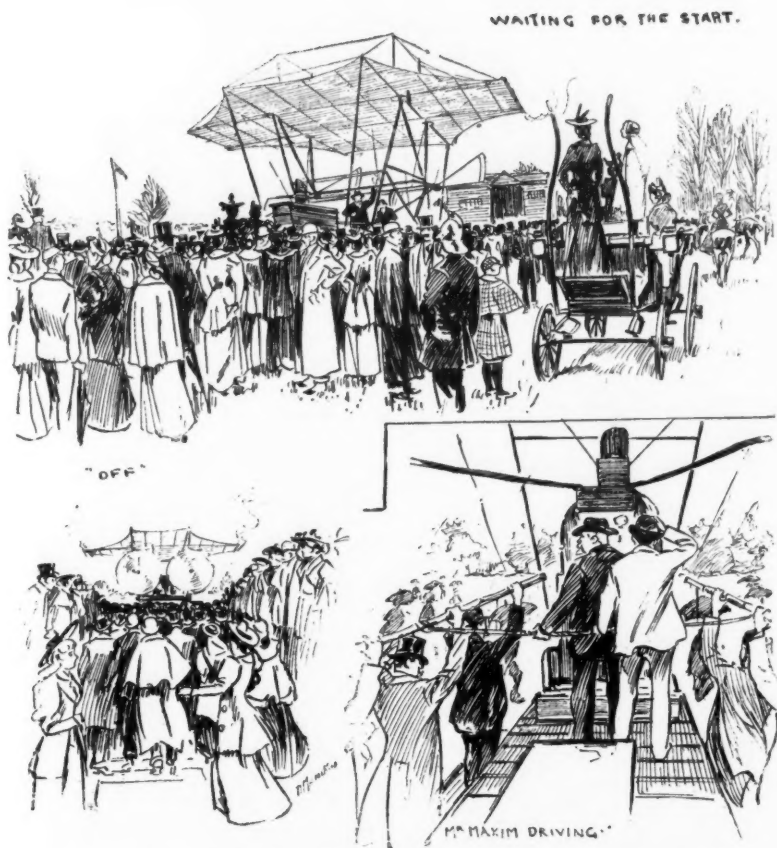


Japanese Surgeons  
Dressing the Wounds of a  
Chinese Soldier.

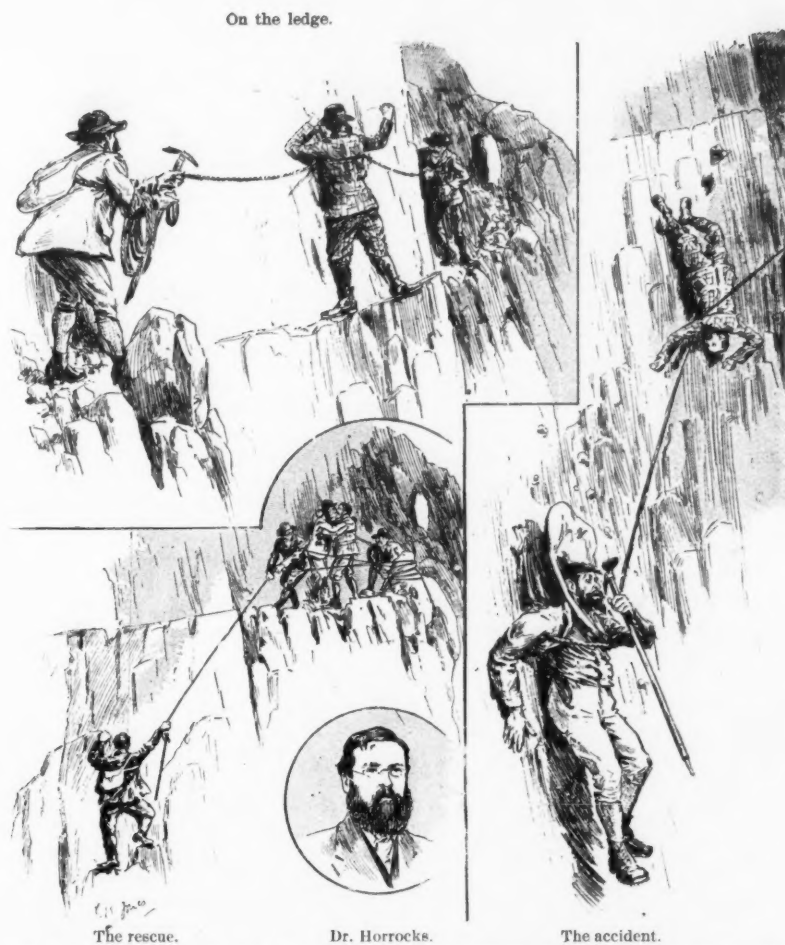
## THE WAR IN THE EAST.

SCENES AT AND AROUND PING YANG—THE HOSPITALS AT HIROSHIMA, JAPAN.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM SKETCHES SUPPLIED BY  
A. B. DE GUERVILLE —[SEE PAGE 345.]





EXHIBITION OF THE MAXIM FLYING-MACHINE IN BALDWIN'S PARK, LONDON.  
*London Daily Graphic.*



THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE ZINAL ROTHORN, SWITZERLAND — *London Daily Graphic.*



THE PROCLAMATION OF NICHOLAS II.—THE CEREMONY OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE OFFICERS OF THE EMBASSY AT THE RUSSIAN CHAPEL IN PARIS  
*L'illustration.*



## HELPING HIM ALONG.

HE—"Do you know my brain is much more active when I am lying down?"  
SHE—"Is that so? The next time you call I'll have a cot in the parlor."—Judge.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NEW YORK weekly Judge notify the public that the use of Judge in local advertising schemes, by printing and inserting advertising pages between its leaves, is a direct violation of the publishers' rights under the copyright law; no one is authorized by the publishers to use Judge in this manner, and prompt measures will be taken to stop its being so used. Judge Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## ROUTES AND RATES TO WINTER RESORTS.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has just issued a little booklet, giving the routes and rates to various winter resorts in Cuba, Florida, North Carolina, Virginia, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. The information is very conveniently arranged and indexed. Copies can be had by inclosing a two-cent stamp to Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

## IN LARGER QUARTERS.

[Boston Record, November 8th.]

C. H. GUILD & Co., the advertising agents, whose office for several years has been in the Herald building, have moved to No. 252 Washington, up one flight. This change was made necessary by their largely increasing business. They have over double the floor space and triple the shelf space for filing papers. The new office has been fitted up with electric lights, and all possible accommodations for customers and employees. Already Mr. Guild has found it necessary to add three new men to his staff. The Guild agency has been successful from the start, and now numbers among its patrons several of the large advertisers of the country. Their business is ably conducted, and the agency enjoys an excellent reputation with its patrons and the newspapers. With largely increased facilities Mr. Guild is able to place advertising business in any paper the world over. This enterprising agency makes a specialty of illustrated papers and furnishes estimates free of charge.

## CAREFUL ATTENTION

to the healthful feeding of the cows producing the milk received at our condenseries is vitally important. We rigorously prohibit the use of foods not qualified to produce pure, wholesome milk. Hence, the superior quality of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

## THERE IS NOTHING

"Just as Good" as Ripans Tabules for headaches, biliousness, and all disorders of the stomach and liver. One tabule gives relief.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

ALL lovers of delicacies use Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to secure good digestion.

THE autumn effects on the picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad are not surpassed, and rarely equaled, by those of any other railroad on this continent. The varied and constantly changing foliage, widely and richly distributed, affords a pleasure that cannot be described in words.

Every accommodation is afforded the traveler to take in the grandeur of this wonderfully picturesque route. Fine coaches, large windows, descriptive literature, and everything to secure comfort, are to be found on this line.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. No smoke, no dust, no cinders.

For full information and illustrated descriptive matter address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 231, Albion, Michigan.

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.

## Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is for

**Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Loss of Flesh, Emaciation, Weak Babies, Growing Children, Poor Mothers' Milk, Scrofula, Anæmia;**

in fact, for all conditions calling for a quick and effective nourishment. Send for Pamphlet, Free. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.

## SLEEP and REST for Baby



Are out of the question when tortured and disfigured with Eczema and other itching, burning, and irritating skin and scalp diseases. A Single Application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

See "How to Cure Baby's Skin Diseases," free.



YEARS ago disgusting lotions and poisonous compounds were largely used by ladies. But a new era dawned upon the Social World when the Rev. A. A. Constantine returned from his missionary labors in Africa, bringing with him a knowledge of the healing arts of the natives of that country. The result was the introduction of the now world-renowned

## Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

As a cleansing agent this Potent Beautifier of the skin is a surprise to all. Pimples and blotches vanish before it; the scalp is freed from dandruff; the hands become soft and delicate; the lips assume the

## RUDDY GLOW OF HEALTH.

The Teeth are made Snowy White; there is a rich odor of perfume about the breath; in fact, every young lady who uses this Great Original Pine Tar Soap has the proud satisfaction of knowing that it has made her

## SUPERLATIVELY BEAUTIFUL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

FAT FOLKS reduced, 15 lbs. a month. Any one can make remedy. Safe and sure. Particulars 2c. "K.A." Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

## LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

When you can get the Best at Cargo prices in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. Good Income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER Pianos are the Best.

Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

## S O H M E R.

LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

WOMANS SAFEGUARD. Sealed particulars free. Gem Rubber Co., Kansas City, Mo.

TAMAR A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

## A Dainty Booklet.

UNDER the title of "Sunset Limited" the Southern Pacific Company has published a dainty little booklet descriptive of its new fast limited transcontinental train, and its route from New Orleans to San Francisco. The beautiful country of Acadia, the Lone Star State, the valley of the Rio Grande, the high but snowless plateau of the Sierra Madre, and the fruitful valleys of California are portrayed in language clear and concise, and at the same time truthful and picturesque. The booklet is further adorned with fetching half-tones in delicate tints, which bear testimony to the pleasures of landscape and luxury which the text describes.

## A Book of Lyrics.

"SYLVAN LYRICS AND OTHER VERSES," by William Hamilton Hayne, is the title of a dainty little volume published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of this city. Mr. Hayne is well known to our readers from his frequent contributions to our columns, and has a high standing in literary circles as one of the foremost younger poets of the time. Mr. Hayne excels in lyrical forms of verse, and has been especially successful as a poet of nature. That sincerity of tone, that depth and sweetness of religious sentiment, which constituted the special note of the elder Hayne's poetry, is no less marked in that of his son. William H. Hayne is, too, a peculiarly fastidious literary artist, expending infinite pains upon a comparatively small amount of production, but giving to every line its utmost concentration of meaning and verbal finish. Often he embodies a poem in a single quatrain—a form upon which he may be said to have set his individual mark. Undoubtedly his little book, the first he has published, will find a host of readers.

## FOR BRACING THE NERVOUS SYSTEM THERE IS NO REMEDY THE EQUAL OF

## Bromo-Seltzer

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

## EPPE'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:

JAMES EPPE & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

FINE BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs, Send stamps for Catalogues. 150 engravings. N. P. BOYER & CO., Coatesville, Pa.



## DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



## FOR MEDICINAL USE.

No Fusel Oil.

SAT IN A DRAUGHT.  
THE CAR WINDOW WAS OPEN.  
WENT OUT AFTER A BATH.  
FORGOT TO WEAR AN OVERCOAT.  
NEGLECTED TO PUT ON RUBBERS.  
GOT CAUGHT IN A RAIN, AND

## YOU HAVE A COLD!

and should take the best known preparation for it. Nothing which has ever been discovered has equalled Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for counteracting the first approach of any cold, cough or malarial symptoms. It is for sale by druggists and grocers universally, but care should be exercised that none but Duffy's is secured. Send for our illustrated book.

DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths: athletes or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 30 in. of floor room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York.

## DEAFNESS

and headaches relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON SENSE EAR DRUMS. Entirely new, scientific invention; different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefitted where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet, WILSON EAR DRUM CO. 102 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

## ARCHITECTURE

Mechanics, Steam Eng'ring, Electricity, Mechanical Drawing, R. R. and Bridge Eng'ring, Plumbing, Heating, Mining, English Branches. Send for free Circular, stating subject wish to study or your trade. CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCES, SCRANTON, PA.



## PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

## FRAGRANT

## SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favor with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

## The Christmas Number OF LESLIE'S WEEKLY

is in preparation. Every prominent advertiser should be interested in this Special Issue. Forms will close November 15th.

SEND FOR RATES AND INFORMATION.

110 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

WILLIAM L. MILLER,

Manager Advertising Dept.

## VINO DE SALUD (WINE OF HEALTH.)

"I have used *Vino de Salud* in cases of gastritis when no other remedy could be retained and have experienced the most gratifying results. I consider it a most excellent tonic for stomach troubles and general debility, and am glad to use it freely in my practice."—Letter on file in our office from a well-known physician.

A beautifully illustrated booklet about this celebrated Spanish Tonic wine mailed on application to

ROCHE & CO., Importers, 503 Fifth Ave., New York,



**THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC**

**VIN MARIANI**

**FORTIFIES  
NOURISHES  
STIMULATES  
REFRESHES**

**Body and  
Brain**

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.  
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

**Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS  
and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.**

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

### MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT,

You can leave Grand Central Station, the very centre of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently equipped train,

Via the New York Central,  
The Great Four-track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at  
Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the east and west,  
by the New York Central Lines.

Chicago is only 24 hours away;  
Cincinnati 22; St. Louis 30.

Eleven through trains each day,  
Practically a train every hour, via

**"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."**

**NICKEL RATE.**  
The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

**SOLID THROUGH TRAINS** Buffalo and Chicago

**PALACE SUPERB BUFFET DINING**

**SLEEPERS, CARS,**

**THROUGH SLEEPING CARS**

**Between CHICAGO, NEW YORK and BOSTON,**

**BAGGAGE CHECKED TO DESTINATION.**

**Tickets to all Points East or West at Lowest Rates.**

**AT CHICAGO** the Depot of the Nickel Plate Road is located at Twelfth St. Viaduct, cor. Twelfth and Clark Sts., convenient by street car or elevated R. R. to any part of the city.

**AT CLEVELAND** all trains stop at Euclid Ave. and Pearl St. and at Main Passenger Station Broadway near Cross St.

**AT BUFFALO** trains run into Union Depot of the Erie Railway.

For rates and other information consult nearest Ticket Agent, or address

**A. W. JOHNSTON, Gen'l Sup't.** **B. F. HORNER, Gen'l Pass. Agt.**

**CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

**F. J. Moore, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.**

**BLOOD POISON**

**A SPECIALTY** Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address **COOK, BENDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.**

**PILES**

**DR. WILLIAMS' INDIAN PILE OINTMENT** IS A SURE CURE for all kinds of PILES. Gives instant relief. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box.

**WILLIAMS' MFG CO., Props., Cleveland, O.**



## WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

**ENOCH MORCAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.**

**WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP** for the Skin, Scalp and Complexion, the result of 20 years' experience treating the skin. A book on dermatology with every cake. Druggists sell it. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 122 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Send 10c. for sample soap and 150-page book.

### "Tell you Why"

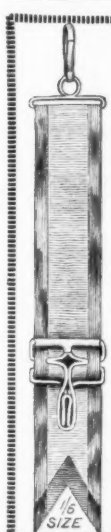
my cloth skirts don't wear out like yours? I protect them from "the weather" as well as from wear and tear, with the "Duxbak" Rainproof a new brand



of the famous "S.H. & M." Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding

Look for "S. H. & M." First Quality on the label of every bolt you buy.

**"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.**



**10¢**

will, for a short time, secure this handsome silk watch fob, with a guaranteed gold plated buckle. This offer is made as a means of making you acquainted with the Harris Wire Buckle Suspender, the Harris Garter for men, and other of the famous

**Harris Patents**  
about which we will send you an interesting illustrated book. We pay the postage. Wire Buckle Suspender Co., (M. O. Dept.) Williamsport, Pa.

**TROY IMPROVED CHLORIDE OF GOLD CURE.**  
Treatment at home. Cure permanent. Write for circular of testimonials. N. D. CRARY, Manager, 521-522 Kirk Building, Syracuse, N. Y. Mention this paper.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

## Going South?



Consider your comfort, and travel by the luxurious steamers of the

**CLYDE LINE,**

The Only Line of Steamships Between New York and Jacksonville, Florida, Without Change.

Affording a delightful sail among the SEA ISLANDS ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST,

calling at CHARLESTON, S. C. Sailing from Pier 29, East River, New York, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 3 p.m. Tables are supplied with the best the Northern and Southern markets afford.

**THE CLYDE SHIPS**

are of modern construction, and provided with every appliance for safety, comfort, and speed.

M. H. Clyde, A. T. M. A. J. Cole, P. A. Thos. G. Eger, T. M. W. M. P. CLYDE & CO., Gen. Agts.,

5 Bowling Green, N. Y. 12 So. Del. Ave., Phila

### THE CHANGED VIEW.

"I ALWAYS thought she was the most commonplace of girls."

"At any rate she has done a most romantic thing."

"What, pray?"

"Married a young man of her own age who is neither a coachman nor a prince."—Judge.

### THE SECRET OF HER SUCCESS.

"MRS. BLITHE seems to be very popular with the gentlemen. They all seem anxious to have a word with her. Is she a brilliant conversationalist?"

"No, she is not a brilliant conversationalist; but she makes every man think he is."—Judge.

### HELPLESS THING!

JUST as the papers say, there are a great many things a woman can't do—keep a secret, climb a tree, etc., etc. Here are a few things a man can't do:

Take a pin by the head and put it into a cushion without pricking himself.

Light a fire in a cold kitchen-range without burning himself before he is through.

Tie anybody's necktie but his own.

Hold a baby.

Open a hot boiled egg.

Carry more than one item of memoranda in his mind at a time.

Find anything that he looks for.—Judge.

### LIKED THEM WELL GROWN.

THE MAMMA—"At what age do you consider children most interesting?"

The Bachelor Friend—"Any time after thirty."—Judge.

### A CRUCIAL MOMENT.

SHE gazed drearily into the lonely street, where the evening lights were beginning to twinkle through the rain, and throughout her whole being was a consciousness that a crisis had arrived. It was one of the tragic moments in life when all one's resources are needed to bear up under some great shock. For days she had been dreading this blow, and now it had fallen.

At last she arose and, turning from the street with a sob of agony, thrust her feverish hand into her bosom. In a moment she tore it forth again and with one last despairing shriek sank fainting on to the fauteuil.

She had at last pulled off her porous-plaster. —Judge.

### WHERE HE MADE HIS MISTAKE.

VISITOR—"Aren't you sorry you committed bigamy?"

Convict—"Well, yes; I ain't absolutely gleeful about it."

Visitor—"If you were out to-morrow would you adopt the same course?"

Convict—"No, indeed. Next time I'd get a better lawyer."—Judge.

### TOO MUCH ART.

BRIGGS—"That Miss Penstock is very sensitive, isn't she? She won't speak to me any more."

Miss Griggs—"What have you been saying to her now?"

Briggs—"Why, I merely remarked that I could tell by her face she was an artist."—Judge.

## THE NEW SCIENCE REVIEW.

A MISCELLANY OF MODERN THOUGHT AND DISCOVERY.

CONDUCTED BY J. M. STODDART.

Published Quarterly. Price, 50 Cents. \$2.00 per annum.

THERE are many scientific periodicals. THE NEW SCIENCE REVIEW differs from all of them. It is new in every sense—new in its appearance, new in its methods, new in its aims. It does not attempt to supersede the older and more conservative periodicals, but to supplement them. Those address themselves to the specialist, this to the public at large. While yielding to none in the scientific value of its material, it strives to present it in a popular style. It does not assume that the reader has an esoteric acquaintance with the matter in hand, nor start from that standpoint—it supplies him with a standpoint; it explains before it demonstrates. Thus it occupies a position midway between the ponderous scientific journals and the lighter magazines. It is as valuable as the first, as interesting as the latter. But it conflicts with none. It has a distinct individuality.

The quarterly method of publication has been chosen because it has been thought that this affords ample time for the exploitation of every new theory, invention, or discovery that may hold the public attention during the interim. When THE NEW SCIENCE REVIEW speaks, it will speak with authority. It will have weighed the evidence impartially. Its decisions, if not infallible, will be in accordance with the latest development of modern thought.

"... All hail to our new quarterly. ... THE NEW SCIENCE REVIEW is heartily welcome; its style is popular. ..."—Public Ledger (Philadelphia).

"... Its list of contributors guarantees good work. ..."—Denver Republican.

"... Contributions are of a high order and written in a popular style. ... Certainly deserves to succeed. ..."—New York Herald.

"... Is an acceptable visitor. It will find a ready welcome upon the table of every intelligent reader. ..."—St. Paul Globe.

"... A handsome new magazine is THE NEW SCIENCE REVIEW. ..."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"... Even a superficial perusal of its contents will show that the editors are well within the lines of their plan. ..."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"... Makes the subject under discussion clear to any lacking technical knowledge. ... Ought to succeed. ..."—Journal of Commerce (Chicago).

"... Following new channels of investigation, and is rightfully called 'A Miscellany of Modern Thought and Discovery.' ..."—Scientific Machinist.

"... We wish the new quarterly bon voyage. ..."—Picayune (New Orleans).

"... The editors evidently interpret their duties broadly; but the readability of their periodical loses nothing thereby."—Review of Reviews.

"... Its second number will be awaited with great interest. ..."—Boston Herald.

"... Is full of thoughtful and hintful papers. ..."—Philadelphia Press.

"... Will not be lacking in the patronage necessary to render its career a successful one. ..."—New York Sun.

"... Will be welcomed by men and women who have no fear of new views."—The Ladies' Pictorial (London).

"... Vastly and generally interesting are the contents of No. 1. ..."—Reynolds's Newspaper (London).

"... One of the most valuable adjuncts to current magazines. ..."—Northern Whig (Belfast).

"... We commend this periodical to our readers. ..."—South American Journal.

"... Let not the non-scientific reader be scared by the title. ..."—St. James's Budget (London).

"... Is superior to most of the scientific periodicals of the day. ..."—Ashton-under-Lyne Herald (Ireland).

"... What the busy and intelligent reader of the day so much wants. ..."—Oxford (Eng.) Chronicle.

"... Is just now the talk in London literary circles. It has made a splendid start."—The Isle of Wight Express.

"... Should have a future. ..."—Swiss and Nice Times (Luzerne).

"... This is just the kind of magazine we want. ..."—Birmingham (Eng.) Gazette.

"... Contents are most interesting and attractive."—Daily Post (Lancaster, Eng.).

## THE TRANSATLANTIC PUBLISHING CO.,

63 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LONDON: 26 Henrietta St., Covent Garden.



Actual size, 14 inches.



Actual size, 15 1/2 inches.

### CHRISTY CARVER, HAM OR MEAT KNIFE.

Now is the time when carving-knives are most in demand. Have you ever tried a Christy Carver? The wonderful curved edge makes it the easiest knife with which to carve meat, game, fowl, etc., etc. Does its work like a razor. The Ham-knife has saw-teeth on top for cutting bones. Both have the remarkable cutting edge of our FAMOUS CHRISTY BREAD-KNIFE. If your dealer does not keep them sample will be sent on receipt of price, 75 cents each, of either Ham-knife or Carver. Our other knives are: Bread-knife, 75 cents; Cake-knife, 50 cents; Parer, 15 cents (these three together for \$1.00). Household Saw, 75 cents. Christy Knives are sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. A Steinway piano is offered to agents selling most goods by December 31st. Write for particulars. Address all orders to THE CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Box 25, Fremont, Ohio.



## A Simple Supper

for the little ones, always relished, and very economical, is a bowl of broth made of

### Armour's Extract of BEEF

with crackers or bread broken into it. Use  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of Extract to each pint of water. Can be prepared over an oil stove or gas jet.

We issue a little book of "Culinary Wrinkles," which is to be had for the asking. Send name and address on a postal to

Armour & Company, Chicago.

### WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of  
**PURE, HIGH GRADE  
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**

On this Continent, have received  
**HIGHEST AWARDS**

from the great  
**Industrial and Food  
EXPOSITIONS  
In Europe and America.**

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

### At a good restaurant

you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S  
EXTRACT OF BEEF,**

as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your own kitchen?

**Miss Maria Parloa**  
tells you how.

100 of her recipes sent postpaid by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

**EARL & WILSON'S.  
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.**

### Rambler BICYCLES.

ONE MILE  
WORLD'S **1.51** RECORD!

FLYING

Good bearings and "fastest tires on earth"—

**"G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRES"**

THAT'S THE SECRET.

Catalogue free at any Rambler agency.

GORMULY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.  
Boston, Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Detroit.

### Arnold Constable & Co.

#### Rich Laces.

POINT D'ANGLETERRE,  
POINT VENISE.  
POINT APPLIQUE LACES.  
BRIDAL VEILS, CHIFFONS,  
EMBROIDERED MOUSSELINES,  
LACE AND EMB. HANDKERCHIEFS.

NOVELTIES IN MADE-UP

#### Laces and Chiffons.

DUCHESSE, BRUGE AND  
RENAISSANCE COLLARS,  
GLOVES.

Broadway & 19th St.  
NEW YORK.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY

J. Harper Bonnell Co.,  
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

To be Happy—Play

### THE POPULAR GAME "HALMA"

Just the thing for a Holiday present. It should be in every home. For sale by Toy dealers everywhere. By mail, on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. HORSTMAN,

Publisher.

341 Broadway, N. Y.

### Great Western

The Finest  
CHAMPAGNE  
In America.

Now used in many of the  
best Hotels, Clubs and  
Homes in Preference to  
Foreign Vintages.

A home product  
which Americans  
are especially  
proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



Address,

Pleasant  
Valley  
Wine  
Company,

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.  
H. B. KIRK & Co., 69 FULTON STREET AND 1158  
BROADWAY, NEW YORK AGENTS.

### R. H. MACY & CO.

SIXTH AVENUE 13TH TO 14TH STREET.

1858-1894.

37th Christmas Opening of  
HOLIDAY

### GOODS AND TOYS.

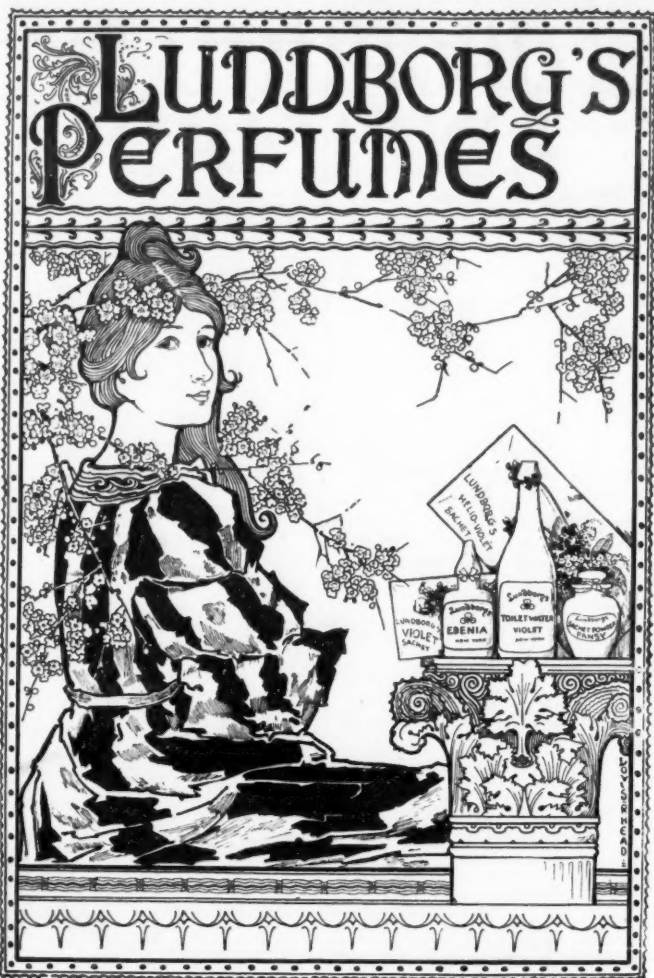
The Window Show This Year

is in 13 Tableaux and treats of KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—SINBAD THE SAILOR—AND JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK. For full particulars see Programme to be had at Superintendent's Desk, main aisle, store floor.

A vast assortment of Fancy Goods, Leather Goods, Diamond Jewelry, Umbrellas, Canes, Holiday Books, Stationery in Fancy Boxes, Musical Instruments, Gloves, Fans, Perfumery, Bric-a-Brac, Silverware, Etc., and most complete lines of

### DOLLS, TOYS, GAMES,

and articles particularly adapted for Christmas Presents, at a saving to purchasers of 25 per cent., 33 1-3 per cent., and in some instances even 50 per cent.



The finest cup of Cocoa is made with

### Blooker's Dutch Cocoa.

Requires no boiling. Sample package (2 cups) mailed on receipt of postage, 2 cents.

**Franco-American Food Co.,**

Sole Wholesale Agents for the U. S.

P. O. Box 150, New York.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

### Allcock's Porous Plaster

Bear in Mind—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

### ED. PINAUD'S

Latest Exquisite Perfume,

BOUQUET MARIE LOUISE.

THE BEST GENERAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM IS

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

For Rates Address

WILLIAM L. MILLER, Adv. Manager,  
110 Fifth Ave., New York.



C. C. Shayne's name in a fur garment is a guarantee of reliability. Awarded highest prizes at the world's fair. Shayne's, 124 and 126 West Forty-second street, New York, is the leading fashionable resort for reliable and elegant furs. Fashion-book mailed to any address.

### IVORY SOAP 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

FOR THE BABY.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINTI.